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The Sands crisis

Sutcliffe & the press

Bomb III: using the nukes

DEMISE of DEEP THROAT

The politics of disinformation

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The politics of 'recovery'

THE POLITICAL LEFT faces, as always, a problem over news of economic 'recovery'. Most people, and most Labour voters, profoundly wish it to be true. But the fact is that the current slow-down in unemployment, the levelling-off in production's decline, and euphoria in the City are all helpful to Tory electoral prospects.

Most economists now expect a modest upturn in production toward the year's end, as companies replace stocks which have been run down while adjusting to lower levels of demand. Much propaganda could be built around that, and if the afterglow can be prolonged into spring — why, the oil-revenue surge could be used to finance a neutral, even mildly reflationary budget. Thus, a well-timed 'appeal to the nation' might leave the anti-Tory forces arguing a gloomy case that nobody could *want* to believe. At New Year, 1980, we wrote that the left's anti-Tory programme would have to

> take account of the likeliest, if not quite the most obvious, prognosis for the 80s: which is that the British economy, though seriously weakened, will survive the worst that Thatcher & Co can do to it, and that this will enable the Tories to claim a 'cure' . . . they will be presenting . . . a pale and shaky, but still recognisable patient, with much cunning nonsense about the supposed excellence of his new condition.

THAT PROCESS has begun. Understanding it should start at the stock market, which is neither (in its own terms) going bananas, nor signalling an industrial renaissance: any more than its mid-70s collapse to (remember?) 150 signalled the end of Western civilisation.

The stock market is only in small part concerned with industrial investment. Chiefly, it is a machine which enables pension funds, insurance companies and other financial institutions to regulate their liquidity according to the routine demands of their business: shares must be sold here, and cash must be soaked up there, regardless of Downing Street's ambitions. And this is done within a tight-knit, rumour-echoing world in which a few chance lunchtime thoughts can become 'a change in confidence'. ('Old boy, I don't see the Tories bringing in *another* stiff Budget.')

Given the domination of the market by a handful of institutions, which account for a third of the business, then just a few badly-executed orders can lead to a thunderous rush of buying. And in present conditions, a little history applies.

Within months of election, the Tories eliminated exchange controls, causing an evacuation of institutional investment from Britain. In 1979 British institutions put £600 million into overseas equities: in 1980, it was £2,000 million. The pound slipped a little in first-quarter 1981 — not enough to rebuild our export markets, but enough to make some institutions want to hedge their bets.

And in the UK market, a month ago, with the FT Index at 500 (now 584), they found shares could be bought for an average yield of six per cent: good value, against eight per cent inflation, because the values of underlying assets are likely to inflate.

WHY A HIGH YIELD, if there is industrial decline? First this was an *average*. Second, years of dividend control have left many companies with defences against falling profit — besides which, the effective abolition of corporation tax, plus changes in accounting policy, make for higher levels of after-tax profit. Third, many companies like GKN, Lucas or ICI operate internationally, and have had to contend only with a mild world recession, not Mrs Thatcher's Special.

Thus, some British shares suddenly 'looked cheap', and the technical nature of the market did the rest. But anyone who perceives this as an economic clarion should look at the fine print of the 22 April statement in which ICI's chairman announced a better trend for the company *as a whole*. Of the UK, he said:

> The longer current conditions . . . continue, the greater the likelihood there will be further changes in our customers' base at home and in the nature of our export business. What we invest has to be governed by what we can sell and where.

Or: at this rate, our future lies overseas. But merely because the spokesmen of capital admit that Britain is being de-industrialised, it does not follow that the left will be able to mobilise a political majority against it. The essence of the process is that it proceeds by way of fluctuations around a trend-line, with false sunsets apt to be as common as false dawns.

Even under Thatcher, the picture is unlikely to become clearer-cut. Like human physiology, an economy is amazingly resilient: ill-treatment (we wrote in 1980) rarely procures death, and is

> more likely to enfeeble . . . in various ways which are not immediately obvious, and the symptoms of which are easy to misrepresent.

We have never suggested Thatcherism might 'work', even within its own hazy terms. But we have argued that a decisive majority against it will require more than citation of the unemployment figures.

Mileage extracted from a stock-market flurry should provide warning. Much of Labour's political calculation still implies that the British electorate is about to undergo a revulsion against capitalism so thorough as to desire a government explicitly abjuring any qualifications for capitalism's management. In truth, that would occur only at levels of economic misery some orders of magnitude worse than those now prevailing nationally. That development is unlikely. But Labour could sap most of its electoral vitality by adopting positions whose logic appears to require it. □

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Duncan Campbell reports that the cancellation of Cruise missilles is on the cards

Cruise will be scrapped if Europe acts alone

THE DECISION by NATO to modernise its nuclear forces with cruise and Pershing missiles is already a 'hostage' which will not survive if the belligerence of the Reagan government continues. This analysis of the nuclear arms race was presented last week at a conference on Nuclear War in Europe at Groningen in the Netherlands, organised by the Washington Centre for Defence Information and the Polemological (peace research) Institute of the Groningen State University. The speaker was Simon Lunn, a senior official of the North Atlantic Assembly and the author of a recent extensive report on NATO's modernisation programme, prepared for the US senate.

The entire idea of modernising NATO's long range nuclear forces had, he explained, arisen from circumstances which were no longer valid. While the United States and the Soviet Union were still negotiating SALT II, it was possible to envisage a rough parity of the superpowers' strategic forces. Some Europeans — particularly Chancellor Schmidt — felt that this justified new NATO nuclear forces to maintain an equivalent balance within Europe.

Now it is clear that the US is not going to ratify SALT II and is charging ahead with new strategic weapons. Given the American superiority which will again be created by this new arms race, there is no need for a 'long range balance' in Europe. Thus, the whole basis of the NATO decision to deploy new missiles is destroyed.

Some European governments are already hostile to the decision, and considerable pressure is now building up to persuade the Germans to change course. NATO officials are most reluctant to allow any public discussion of alternatives to the current plans (such as deploying the missiles at sea), for the fear that it would encourage a review and ultimate cancellation of the decision. NATO attempted to ban all military officials from attending the Groningen conference, and even arranged a counter-conference at the German Defence Ministry.

Lunn pointed out that NATO's approach to arms control was largely spurious: 'It was to gain public acceptance for modernisation — people should be very clear about that.' Since the US had clearly no interest in arms control in its 'new mood', he said, they were not prepared to respond to European NATO desires for genuine arms control. If the US were to continue to refuse to listen to its partners, 'then we're forced back into unilateralism'. The first such move was almost on us — and this, said Lunn, was to 'unlock the NATO governments from the Theatre Nuclear Forces decision, and avoid the necessity to deploy new systems'. Otherwise, we'll soon hear of the nuclear 'short range gap'. □

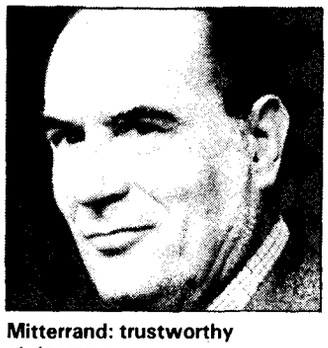
Denis MacShane on Mitterrand's chances

France's nearly man

FRENCH PSEPHOLOGISTS indulge themselves in endless permutations with decimal points but three main conclusions can be drawn from the results of the first round in the French Presidential election. First Giscard has done much worse than he expected. Second, the leadership of the French communist party has been badly humiliated. Third, Francois Mitterrand is within striking distance of becoming the country's first socialist President.

For Mitterrand the absence of a formal Communist partnership is his greatest blessing as he faces the run-up to the second round. Since busting the political pact with the socialists in 1978, the French CP has regressed politically. Slavishly pro-Soviet, intolerant of its own dissident intellectuals, violently critical of the socialists, it has now developed a racist streak, attacking gypsies, immigration and recently bulldozing a hotel for Malien workers in Vitry on the orders of a local communist mayor. (A graffiti in Paris asks: 'Why do communists have the hammer and sickle as their symbol? Ah, that was before the bulldozer was invented, comrade.')

The traditional accusation that socialists are prisoners of the communists can no longer be used by Giscard to frighten the French elec-



Mitterrand: trustworthy statesman

Giscard: televised discomfort

torate. Giscard will try the red scare but the disarray in the communist leadership and their unequivocal support of Mitterrand weakens Giscard's case.

Inside the elegant rue Solferino headquarters of the French socialist party on election night workers cheerfully guzzled whisky as they watched the televised discomfort of Giscard's face, and the despair on that of Marchais. One senior adviser told me that if Mitterrand was victorious in the second round he would not have to worry too much about being dominated by either of the competing wings of French socialism — CERES, or anti étatist and anti-communist Rocardians — since both sections cancelled out each other's power in the party. Francois Mitterrand has been following a Wilsonian pattern of fighting on a party policy owing much to the left-wing CERES group while projecting himself as a grave and trustworthy statesman.

But at present the formation of a Mitterrand government is the least of his worries. For the second round he will be estimating that he can keep all the left wing votes and gather most of the million ecologist votes. His fate thus depends on the calculations of the Gaullist Right. Many of them dislike Giscard's liberal pretensions on issues such as taxes and working hours: it is by no means certain that their second round votes will go to Giscard. Indeed, when Giscard appeared on TV on Sunday night, the Gaullist militants at Jacque Chirac's headquarters hissed at the television screen. In 1974, 400,000 votes separated Giscard from Mitterrand (50.5 per cent against 49.5 per cent.) Only a handful of right-wingers need to stay home, sensing perhaps that Mitterrand cannot last the full seven years, and Giscard is finished. Such a set of events would open the way for the return of Gaullism and the presidency falling to Chirac. So we may not yet have seen the end of the Chirac effect. □

Elaine Williams on the EEC and homosexuals

Going gay at two

AFTER AN UNEXPECTED and unprecedented move by the European Commission at the Strasbourg Court of Human Rights last Thursday, the British government faces the possibility of being forced to lower the legal age of consent for homosexuals.

It was the first gay rights case ever to appear before the court. The Commission delegates who were presenting it changed their minds in the middle of the first day of the hearing, and decided to submit new evidence to show unjust discrimination.

This represents a significant departure from the Commission's established policy on homosexuality. Since 1957, it has held that a margin of difference in the age of consent was justified because of the tendency to seduce younger men, who therefore needed legal protection. The evidence in this case shows that sexual disposition is already fixed by the time of adolescence, and that the legal restriction only serves to isolate young gay men.

Mr Jeffrey Dudgeon, a 35-year-old shipping clerk from Belfast and a leading member of the Northern Ireland Gay Rights Association (NIGRA), has claimed that the law in Northern Ireland is in breach of the European Convention on Human Rights on two counts: respect for private and family life; and sexual and regional discrimination. Homosexuality is outlawed in Ulster, where courts can still impose a life sentence for buggery. But even if the laws were changed to bring them into line with the rest of the UK (where homosexuality is permitted for consenting males over 21, in private), young gay men would still be treated less favourably than heterosexuals and lesbians, for whom the age of consent is 16.

Lord Gifford, barrister for Mr Dudgeon and one of the Commission's three delegates, explained to the Court that the government had taken

> no notice of evidence that homosexuality, like skin colour, is fixed at an early age. All

> experts agree (that this happens) certainly before the onset of puberty. One cannot be seduced into homosexuality, nor is it a matter of choice.

He was basing his evidence on a book called *The Ordinary Homosexual,* by Martin Dannecker, a lecturer at Frankfurt university. A report of the largest empirical study of its kind in Europe, it shows that sexual orientation is fixed at the age of two. Lord Gifford has asked for a second hearing so that expert witnesses can be called. For the British government, Mr Brian Kerr is claiming that Northern Ireland has a unique moral climate, which resents interference from foreigners. □

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Nick Anning reveals a major survey of London's housing

Too far gone to be worth saving

A MAJOR official survey of the condition of London's housing stock — *The Greater London House Condition Survey* — has found that one in four London homes, a total of 635,000, is sub-standard or in serious need of repair. In addition, nearly a quarter of a million homes — over 9 per cent of the capital's housing stock — are unfit for habitation on current yardsticks.

The House Condition Survey was carried out by the Greater London Council in co-operation with the Department of the Environment and the London Boroughs Association. The first such survey since 1967, it was based on a broad sample of 28,000 addresses throughout the capital and was completed between summer and autumn 1979.

The 225-page Survey, which is due to be published in June, discovered that 241,000 dwellings in London are unfit, a much higher number than had previously been supposed. Of these, over 60 per cent occur singly and thus are not in potential clearance areas, though, not unexpectedly, this is a greater problem in the inner London boroughs (14 per cent of total housing stock) than in the outer boroughs (6 per cent of total housing stock). Contrary to conventional wisdom, the privately-rented sector is most affected by unfitness: more than one-third of all unfit dwellings are privately-rented and over one-fifth of privately-rented dwellings were found to be unfit.

Predictably, four out of five unfit dwellings were built before 1919 and very few date from post-1940. Almost half of the houses found to be unfit were terraced, representing some 14 per cent of London's total terraced stock. The reason for unfitness in nearly 60 per cent of cases was given as dampness.

478,000 houses, 18 per cent of London's total, were found to be in serious disrepair, that is, needing work costing over £3,000 at 1979 prices. Structural items, electrics and outside paintwork were the most consistently reported faults. Thirty-seven per cent of London's privately-rented stock (154,000 homes) and 17 per cent of owner-occupied homes (208,000 in all) needed such repairs. In the publicly-rented sector only 8 per cent (72,000) of the total stock required repairs costing more than £3,000 at the top of the survey.

But disrepair is almost as much of a problem for the outer boroughs (17 per cent of all dwellings) as it is for inner London, where the figure is 21 per cent. Once again pre-1919 housing stock — about 350,000 dwellings in all — was found to be most in need of repairs.

The survey also discovered that one in ten of London's homes, 239,000 dwellings, lacked one or more of the five basic amenities: fixed bath or shower, kitchen sink, wash hand-basin, hot and cold toilet. Chief culprit in this category was a lack of hot and cold water at three points, though 178,000 households still have no bath and 91,000 have no inside toilet.

Forty per cent (95,000) of the homes lacking an amenity fell in the privately-rented sector, or put another way, more than 20 per cent of all London's privately-rented accommodation. Owner-occupied and local authority homes were relatively well provided with amenities, but here again inner London was worse hit (13 per cent of total stock) than outer London (7 per cent of total stock), with pre-1919 buildings (nearly 70 per cent) most at fault.

The Greater London House Condition Survey's general findings also form the basis of a report* on London's housing published last week by the housing aid centre SHAC. Commenting on London's housing future, SHAC's director Nick Raynsford warned: 'Unless those who are responsible for housing wake up soon to the depth of the London housing crisis and take urgent action to reverse current trends and policies, it will simply be too late to arrest the deterioration in housing prospects and the appalling legacy will be with us into the next century.'

**The London Report: Prospects and Policies for Housing* by Stewart Lansley, Geoffrey Randall and Nick Raynsford, £3.75 from SHAC, 189a Old Brompton Road, London SW5.

Grace Franklin on Scottish TUC

Scottish TUC

LAST WEEK at its annual congress, the Scottish TUC agreed to amend its constitution to add two special seats for women to the existing 22 on the General Council. There have never been women's seats on the Council before, and in the STUC's 90-odd years of existence, only nine women have been elected to it. Margaret Wilson, who is currently the sole female member, was the only women among 31 nominees for council seats this year.

The only opposition to the proposal, which came from the General Council itself, was from the National Association of School Masters/Union of Women Teachers, who said they wanted women to be elected 'in their own right'. It was passed by an overwhelming majority of the 579 delegates (of whom 53 were women).

There are now fears that a high price will be paid for the two seats.

Before the vote was cast, some delegates were claiming that the move would justify disbanding both the Women's Advisory Committee and women's conference of the STUC. 'We can't afford them any more', was the general view.

Rob Edwards discusses Scottish Office's blanket bans

Beginning the Ban on 'Ban the Bomb'

CND'S 30-MILE march from Faslane to Glasgow — likely to be Scotland's largest-ever anti-nuclear demonstration — is in jeopardy because of a three-month ban on marches in Strathclyde. The ban, which came into effect in April, was suggested by the region's Chief Constable, Patrick Hamill, agreed by Strathclyde's emergency committee and approved by the Secretary of State for Scotland following 150 arrests in February when a march in Glasgow in support of the republican hunger-strikers was attacked by militant loyalists. Further demonstrations involving loyalists and republican supporters were planned for April.

Under Section 3 of the Public Order Act 1936, any Chief Constable is entitled to apply to the local authority for an order prohibiting the holding of all public processions or 'of any class of public procession so specified' for any period of up to three months. Mr Hamill chose in this instance to suggest banning all marches for a maximum period, except those which are 'traditional' in the sense that they took place before 1 January, 1971. This has the strange effect of allowing a Labour movement May-day march this weekend as well as a number of Orange Lodge marches planned for later, but not the disarmament march proposed for 6 and 7 June.

CND on the march — but will they again, if bans stay in force?

CND are engaging in a series of meetings this week in order to decide what to do. The Scottish Council for Civil Liberties at their AGM last weekend condemned the ban as 'indiscriminate and excessive' and agreed that they would go to the extent of civil disobedience in defence of the right of peaceful assembly. Dave Godwin of SCCL is currently seeking legal advice with a view to challenging the ban under Scottish Common Law by claiming 'Exception of Illegality'.

This would involve someone charged for marching in defiance of a ban arguing that the Chief Constable and the Regional Council had abused their discretion by imposing an unnecessarily comprehensive prohibition.

In London, the National Council for Civil Liberties is increasingly worried by the number of bans being imposed by the police. Thousands of pounds have been lost by some organisations as a result of last-minute bans. Among those recently forced to cancel marches are Schools Against the Bomb, the campaign for Citizens' Band Radio, the Society for Civil and Public Servants, and CND. London has been especially hard hit, with only 20 days elapsing between two month-long bans.

The NCCL is hoping to take a case to the High Court, applying for a ban to be lifted before the march is cancelled, on the ground that the police authority has acted *ultra vires*. The 1936 Public Order Act gives Chief Constables the power to ban marches only when their other powers are insufficient to prevent serious public disorder. So far there is little evidence that marches organised by CND (for example) threaten any disorder at all.

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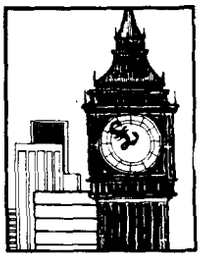


Patrick Wintour

The return of Wal Hannington

THREE MILLION will be unemployed — officially — by the end of this year. Not just because Mrs Thatcher thinks it's necessary, but because she thinks she can get away with it. Short of Alan Budd's computer undergoing a Pauline conversion, or Patrick Minford waking up to the fact that his equations have put everyone but himself on Merseyside out of a job, I can't imagine any easy way of changing her mind. But the time will surely come when the unemployed start to cut up rough — it is bound to happen as more people experience unemployment for longer periods of time. Mrs Thatcher may have been able to explain away Brixton as a race riot; there'll be no such excuses if something similar happens in the north-west.

It would, of course, be preferable if the coming anger about unemployment were organised by trade union institutions, rather than by the British Movement, or the Anti-Paki League. The People's March for Jobs is a good start: supported by the official trade union movement, it has a populist spirit which should win much more attention than the recently invisible TUC Week of Action.

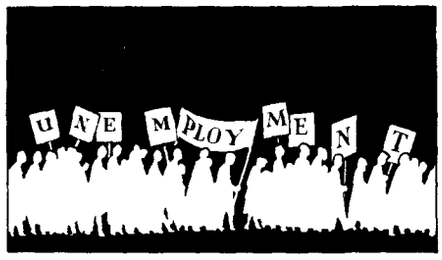
But a more important development in the long term, I would guess, is the new and expanding network of centres for the unemployed. If the official and unofficial trade union movements can maintain their uneasy alliance on this issue, the jobless may at last find a political voice. Until last Autumn, there was only the pioneering Newcastle Centre; now more than 50 are established (full-time or part-time), with another 50 under active consideration. In London and the Home Counties, where there will soon be more than 20, there are even plans for an unofficial federation.

Some of the centres may never progress beyond weekly sessions of tea, sympathy and dole advice leaflets. Others may go further to provide a regular meeting place, along the lines of the existing drop-in centres for the young unemployed. Certainly, if they are going to be at all effective, they will have to maintain certain basic functions, such as leafletting dole queues, helping individuals and lobbying for cheap transport and leisure facilities. However, some interesting research by psychology lecturer Ian Winfield, in conjunction with the North Staffordshire Unemployed Centre, shows that many unemployed people want more than that. They want to discuss the causes of unemployment, they want training in skills and they want advice on how to set up co-operatives; some are interested in 'job-bartering' — whereby, for example, an electrician agrees to wire a carpenter's house, in return for shelves.

The most ambitious scheme is in Manchester, where the trades council has launched a £1 million fund to set up a Greater Manchester Centre in the Mechanics Institute (site of the first Trade Union Congress in 1868). This large and beautiful building will be converted to provide not only an unemployed centre, but also a trade union resource unit, meeting halls, the WEA, employment creation schemes and bars — indeed, most of the essentials of modern trade unionism.

If plans are not made on a biggish scale, there is a danger that some centres may end up merely servicing an ever-changing clientele, like down-at-heel Citizen's Advice Bureaux; they could find themselves used only sporadically into factional bases for one or other social or political clique.

The prospect of funding a national chain of Trotskyist cells is indeed *le grand peur* of the TUC; and news that the Workers Revolutionary Party has its own plans to set up 50 centres cannot have been very reassuring. Nevertheless, the TUC has



swallowed hard and given trade councils *active encouragement* to set up centres; it has also resolved to appoint a co-ordinating officer in each TUC region. After all, it is bound to admit that the risks involved in giving the rank and file their head could not be worse than repeating the disastrous split of the Thirties, when the TUC bureaucracy was at loggerheads with the largely CP-organised unemployed.

Progress has not been entirely smooth. There was a noisy hiccup in January, at an unofficial conference for people involved in setting up the centres. Unexpectedly, the TUC unleashed a set of official guidelines on how the centres should be run. A cosy deal had apparently been struck between the TUC and the Manpower Services Commission — for the guidelines decreed that if the centres received funds from the MSC's Community Enterprise Programme, they would have to be controlled by the TUC and local authorities, who would have exclusive rights to appoint the management committees. The unemployed themselves would have no say in the matter; nor would any voluntary organisations. Tory councillors organising the unemployed was hardly the stirring vision of Wal Hannington.

After a heavy pasting, the TUC sent round a clarificatory circular. It did not mean 'to exclude the possibility that other groups could be on the management committee'; as long as the unions and the council representatives had a majority of seats between them, the rest could be shared out. It seemed a decent compromise. In Tower Hamlets, where the unemployed centre has just received £15,000 from the MSC, the management committee will consist of five trade unionists, five council representatives and nine others, including three unemployed people, a youth worker, and members of the trades council women's sub-committee, the claimants' union and the Bengali Youth Movement.

Inevitably, Tories such as Nicholas Winterton are denouncing the centres as monstrous marriages of scrounging and subversion. The MSC insists it will only fund non-political centres. 'We cannot be seen to be funding organised marches and that sort of thing', a Commission spokesman told me cheerily. Yet the terms of reference for the Tower Hamlets centre are ambiguous: 'the centre should provide an opportunity for the unemployed to meet and organise together' . . . it should 'not be used for party political purposes'. Nice distinctions are being made between 'political' and 'party-political' activities.

To get round this problem, the TUC has been emphasising the need for the centres to be financed by the labour movement. Any centre without state funding would not need to be accountable to the local authority. The idea is that money collected in a TUC fund will be channelled to centres where the local authority will not ask the MSC for funds (as in Kings Lynn) and those facing undue restriction from the local authority. A national appeal has been launched, to which USDAW has already donated £1,000; but the big unions will have to cough up a lot more than that, even if they are broke. In Telford, for example, the council is saying it will need £20,000 to set up a centre and £15,000 a year to keep it going. If the appeal flops, the centres will have to fall back heavily on the MSC, and that would be a pity.

If the organisational problems are overcome, the next question will be: what place do the jobless have in existing unions? Many unions allow the unemployed to remain members — but with nothing on offer but a subs charge, most drop out. The GMWU is trying to rectify this by sending off free advice and membership forms to all its members who are out of work. The T&G has a branch on Merseyside which consists exclusively of unemployed people (in fact, this has been the driving force behind the People's March). But many of the unemployed centres are saying there should be a national union specifically for the unemployed, or even one which embraces all the 'unwaged'.

The TUC is dead set against such a plan, (which indeed does look like trying to run before learning to walk). What about letting unemployed centres having voting rights on local trades councils, instead? For reasons best left to history and Vic Feather, no organisation can vote on a trades council unless it is affiliated to the TUC. Barnsley trades council is asking for this rule to be changed at the national trades councils' conference later this year. □

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JOURNALISM

The lie machinery stirs

CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports on the campaign against the Washington Post — and the motives of the campaigners.

WHEN TWO CHIEF publicists of the American right, William Safire and William Buckley, can share a joke with *Pravda* at the *Washington Post*'s expense, then the joke must be a twisty one indeed. The occasion, of course, is the withdrawal of a Pulitzer Prize from *Post* reporter Janet Cooke, whose tale of an eight-year-old heroin addict proved to be fraudulent. But the consequences may extend beyond Ms Cooke and her shattered career: because to the right this presents a perfect opportunity to re-package their notion that Watergate was really just an anti-Nixon propaganda campaign — and to attack the idea of 'investigative journalism' which *All the President's Men* made glamorous. If Ms Cooke's boss Bob Woodward (played by Robert Redford) could be so wrong about the tiny junkie, why should his account of 'Deep Throat' have any credence?

But before too many myths become established, it may be worth examining the reasons for a congruence between Moscow and the media henchpersons of Ronald Reagan, and looking into the real implications for the trade of journalism.

Ms Cooke, thought *Pravda,* should be sent to the USSR. Her talent, it declared, was just the one American editors sought for the Moscow assignment.

Safire, a columnist in the *New York Times,* himself won a Pulitzer three years ago for articles alleging criminal conduct by Bert Lance, Jimmy Carter's first budget director. Unlike the *Post,* he confessed no error and returned no prizes when Lance was acquitted: indeed, Safire continued his allegations of criminal misconduct against President Carter, his brother Billy, chief of staff Hamilton Jordan, administrative aide Richard Harden and campaign director Timothy Kraft. Not one has been sustained by Federal prosecutors, grand juries, trial juries or Justice Department investigations. Safire now wittily alleges that the *Post* was 'covering-up' in the Cooke case, just as the *Post* itself alleged Nixon was doing.

William Buckley, one of the nation's most widely syndicated columnists, also traded freely in Administration targets, until the Administration became Reagan's. He has himself rather narrowly escaped criminal indictment for fraud and stock manipulation in the affairs of companies he has controlled. And, with the experience of an ingenious past to draw upon, he has reached further back in time — to the Vietnam war — in order to suggest that the *Pentagon Papers* were a forgery by Daniel Ellsberg.

Both, in common with the *Pravda* editorialist, are propagandists in a similar line of business. Caring little about the durability of their artefacts — provided suitable effect is obtained — they assume that everyone else proceeds likewise. The concept of the reporter as an independent practitioner attempting (amid difficulty) to overcome biases, rather then merely express them, is foreign to their method.

But aspects of American law, and American journalistic practice, make it difficult for other models of behaviour to be distinguished. The US law says, in effect, that statements about public figures (i.e. folk worth writing about) are covered by a qualified privilege. You don't have to prove a story is true: only that you had some reason to *think* it true. And this, in practice, can mean no more than establishing that lots of people told you about it.

Instances where the American bias towards openness becomes self-defeating are rarer than British mandarins pretend, but this may be a genuine one. It is a liberty

The Washington Post September 28,1980

JIMMY'S WORLD

8-Year-Old Heroin Addict Lives for a Fi

By Janet

Washington Po

Jimmy is 8

third-generati

Janet Cooke with her story

which only propagandists can exploit fully; it does nothing for honest reporters except tempt them into weaknesses of technique.

Such a legal framework is ideal for purveying disinformation, and the pundits of the right are correct to say that in Washington the activity is as normal as marmalade on toast. (What they fail to add is that they are the chief providers.) And within this framework is established a theory of journalism, present within most cultures, which is carried to a metaphysical extreme in America; and despite the movie celebrations, it has little to do with *investigation.*

EDITORS, PARTICULARLY of the largest and most powerful papers, conceive of themselves as producing journals of record. This consists of publishing whatever certain types of sources say — not because they are thought to be telling the truth, or even trying to, but in the end because of their status.

A theory of reporting which goes along with this is the 'conduit' theory. It says, in essence: We record what our sources tell us, and the 'objectivity' of the result is assured by the exactness of the transcription. A story with two sources becomes twice as objective and truthful as a story with one. The doctrine, a distorted version of the practice actually employed by the *Post* during Watergate, is actually taught in many of the journalism schools whose student intake zoomed as a result of *All the President's Men.*

Of course, some sources are authoritative, and others are not — which is the awkward problem in current American journalism. Since the *New York Times*'s success with the *Pentagon Papers,* and the *Post*'s with Watergate — success being the driving of a President from office — the reporter has been as authoritative as his or her source. And since the American journalist, according to a recent Appeal Court decision, is mostly protected from having to reveal sources, the 'objective existence' of some anonymous tipster becomes largely a matter of faith. The case involved a reporter for the *Detroit News.* A federal Appeal Court ruled on 13 April that a journalist had a 'qualified privilege' under the First Amendment of the Constitution, to refuse to disclose his sources. This was in a civil lawsuit brought by individuals named in a series of articles. In criminal cases, however, the reporter's privilege has been subordinated by the Supreme Court to the requirement of effective criminal investigation.

The intimacy in which sources, reporters and editors hold each other's hands guards against the possibility of the press being tempted to bite. And the handholding becomes public petting at functions like the White House Correspondents' Association dinner, which was held last Saturday: each year this involves a tussle among journalists to see who can bring the most powerful source of the moment as his guest.

Male bondage of this kind isn't especialy credible. Nearly two-thirds of Americans who read papers or watch television news have told the Gallup Poll — in the week after the Cooke affairs — that they believe 'very little' or 'only some' of what they see or read. For honesty journalists rank well behind churchmen, doctors and police — although that may say more about diminishing literacy in this country than about the sturdy scepticism of native public opinion.

At the same time, opinions and versions of the truth that come from outside the country have developed the same attraction for American minds that Japanese cars have for American drivers. It was therefore inevitable that once the country was taken over by Ronald Reagan's group of xenophobes and ideologues, there would be a ferment of government activity to stop the Toyotas and the importation of foreign ideas. The latter are labelled disinformation, and their source, according to Administration officials and Congressmen, is none other than the Soviet Union.

F. M. Cornford, the Cambridge classic-

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AP

The real Bernstein and Woodward: an anti-Nixon campaign?

ist, once described propaganda as a 'branch of the art of lying which consists in very nearly deceiving your friends without quite deceiving your enemies'. Among the sub-branches, there should be a distinction between misinformation — which involves proposing something known to be untrue — and disinformation — which is more subtle and involves making the truth look false. The deep throats of the Reagan administration have piled one on top of the other.

The release by the State Department on 23 February of captured documents allegedly from Salvadoran guerrilla organisations, together with a White Paper claiming to prove that the guerillas were aided and directed by the Soviets and Cubans, was a classic misinformation scheme. Despite the mistranslations from the Spanish, the inaccuracies, the contradictory claims, and the suspicious circumstances of the documents' capture, the American press published the material without qualms about its authenticity or the accuracy of the official glosses that accompanied it.

No published attempt was made to investigate them at all. That has been done by people whom Government officials label KGB or Cuban Collaborators — such as the former CIA agent, Philip Agee. One key document, which purports to show that the Secretary-General of the Salvadoran Communist Party, Shafik Handal, sought and obtained arms from the Soviet Union, in fact proves nothing of the kind. Agee claims the document is an American fabrication, and even if it were genuine, it is not a Salvadoran document. Rather, it appears to be a report, prepared for internal consumption by a Cuban government official, summarising the Handal trip to Eastern Europe, Ethiopia and Vietnam, after he had passed through Havana on his way home. Even as hearsay, it indicates that Handal came back from Moscow concerned at the 'Soviets' indecisiveness' and lack of response to his requests. Even though this was the best the administration could do in depicting the Salvadoran guerrillas as terrorists run out of Moscow, not a single major newspaper expressed scepticism.

However, when the *New York Times* foreign correspondent, Flora Lewis, wrote a column on 6 March, quoting from what she presumed were internal State Department memoranda that undermined claims the administration has been making on El Salvador, she was ferociously attacked for having published 'spurious' documents. This was disinformation, and it was effective — Lewis was pressed into publishing a recantation of her sources although what she had said was the truth. The pattern is a common one: agents of misinformation from within the bowels of the government clash with straight intelligence analysts, whose leaks are promptly upended by disinformation.

THE MOST SERIOUS conflict to have surfaced so far is over the scope and threat of 'international terrorism'. General Haig suggested in March that press critics of the administration's line on Salvadoran terrorism had fallen under the influence of 'an intensive international disinformation campaign' orchestrated by 'the communist countries'. This was retracted after criticism from Stephen Rosenfeld of the *Post*. He followed up with a report that the General hadn't really meant to imply KGB influence over the American press at all. Rather, Haig had 'great admiration' for the press which, he believes, is 'self-correcting'.

As we have already reported (*NS*, 20 March), the idea of mobilising against international terrorists and their American collaborators was hatched by Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor, who personally ordered the intelligence and security agencies to prepare a report demonstrating that the threat of terrorism was on the rise. This the CIA has so far baulked at, delaying release of its annual report. Anthony Quainton, the State Department's director of the Office for Combatting Terrorism, was not so inhibited at a press briefing on 23 April. But three days later, the FBI director, William Webster, went on television to deny that there is 'real evidence of Soviet-sponsored terrorism within the United States'. He also declined to point the finger abroad.

With the conduits tangled and the sources trying to jam one another, there is finally a chance that, like mild-mannered Clark Kent, other reporters from the *Daily Metropolis* will shed the uniform of a journal of record and turn into supermen of investigative journalism. It hasn't happened yet, for the official campaign to root out disinformation strikes the newspaper profession at its most sensitive spot. Janet Cooke could not have exposed this more effectively at the *Post* if she had been a paid *agent provocateur* of Accuracy in Media, a group whose bi-monthly newsletter constantly attacks the *Post* and other papers for pushing 'The Soviet line in our media'. The AIM report has claimed for years that the *Post's* Watergate stories were a conspiracy to topple Nixon, and in an issue of January 1980 readers were told to write to Katharine Graham, Chairman of the *Post* board, demanding that she reveal the identity of 'Deep Throat.'

THE COOKE CASE apears to confirm what AIM has been saying all along, and clearly threatens the *Post* with the widely circulated accusation of the former chief diplomatic correspondent of *Newsweek*, the *Post's* sister publication — Arnauld de Borchgrave. He (along with Robert Moss of the *Daily Telegraph*) wrote *The Spike*, A thinly fictionalized attempt to portray Russian manipulation of the American press. At his appearance before a Senate sub-committee hearing last Friday, de Borchgrave repeated the same allegation, made fruitier by reference to an unnamed pressman in France who had been dragged on to the KGB payroll after 'he had been sexually compromised through his wife'.

The *Post* faithfully recorded de Borchgrave's testimony. What it has not publicly revealed is, however, that de Borchgrave was himself fired by the *Post* company after he and his friends at AIM threatened to 'expose' *Newsweek* and the *Post* company as KGB stooges. The threats stemmed from an argument at *Newsweek* following the Soviet move into Afghanistan of December 1979. De Borchgrave had written a piece on Soviet aggression that was spiked by the *Newsweek* editor, Lester Bernstein, in favour of a summary from Bureau Correspondents and a Soviet commentator's viewpoint. De Borchgrave tipped AIM off and they wrote to Bernstein accusing him of spiking de Borchgrave in favour of KGB disinformation. The correspondent then went over Bernstein's head, complaining and threatening again about the KGB stooges in the magazine. *Newsweek* fired him — but, sensitive to the damage that de Borchgrave could continue to do, announced publicly that he had left voluntarily. He offered the personal undertaking that he wouldn't accuse *Newsweek* editors or the *Post* company of being soft on KGB propaganda. That task is carried on with relish by de Borchgrave's pals at AIM.

No recent administration is likely to approach Reagan's for systematic use of the disinformation conduit, which the press holds open in pursuit of its metaphysical mission, nor the exploitation of the same channel to cower and silence its press critics. The Cooke case may well persuade the *Post* and other papers to close the conduit to the anonymous official source, and compel the profession to rethink its methods. If AIM and de Borchgrave anger the *Post* enough, the newspaper may yet distinguish itself with the Reagan administration as it once did with Nixon. □

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THE BRITISH BOMB: Part 3

The 'deterrent' goes to war

DUNCAN CAMPBELL reveals how Britain's bomb would be used over neutral Sweden and a NATO lie to justify cruise missile bases.

IN THE EVENT of war, Britain and the United States plan — in effect — to make war on a neutral country, Sweden, as well as on Russia. Attack plans for British-based bombers, according to Air Force sources, involve flying to the Skagerrak straits north of Denmark, and then diving to low levels of 200 to 500 feet and crossing Sweden and the Baltic to their destinations. The reasons for overflying Sweden are simple: it is anticipated that an air war is in progress over Germany and that the central front makes the area very dangerous as well as well-defended; by going as far north as possible, the planes stay out of Soviet and Warsaw Pact radar coverage as long as possible.

British and US planners have apparently imagined that Sweden will remain insensible to this invasion by literally hundreds of aircraft. The numbers due to converge on the Skagerrak are so great that the question of timing for each bomber to pass through has assumed critical importance. And yet, according to a former Vulcan officer, the Swedes are expected to 'turn a huge blind eye.'

In any case, Sweden would not remain insensible, according to the Defence Attaché at the Swedish Embassy in London, Rear Admiral Rolf Rheborg. 'Swedish policy', he said, 'will be to prevent anybody passing through our air space. It doesn't matter whether the intruders come from east or west . . . The Air Force will do its best to shoot them down'. Details of Swedish defence plans and exercises were secret, he said, but covered 'all borders and all possible invasions.'

Sweden does possess a large force of modern interceptor aircraft, and a comprehensive and well-equipped air defence system. There is a concentration of air defence forces in the south as well as the north which could be used against British and US bombers, unless these were attacked first by NATO. The stream of aircraft overflying Sweden would include Vulcans (until 1969 Britain's only independent nuclear force) and Buccaneers, and US F111s and B52s (which move forward to Britain in crisis).

There is some evidence that the Swedish government has in the past been willing to support this passive role in nuclear warfare. In the early '50s, the Soviets shot down a Swedish-based Catalina aircraft which had been making secret flights into Soviet Baltic states. It had been fitted with secret US equipment and was using bomber radar to map out attack plans for US bombers to fly across Sweden and the Baltic into Russia. Many details of this secret US-Swedish deal were not revealed until recently.

The secrecy surrounding the war plans for nuclear forces has also enabled NATO and the Ministry of Defence to misrepresent the balance of long-range theatre nuclear forces: this is the balance used to justify the deployment of cruise missiles in Britain.

This balance-sheet adds up aircraft and missiles on each side which can reach the Soviet Union from normal Western European bases — and vice versa. In this category, the Soviet Union has conventionally been shown with an overwhelming preponderance of 900 to 280 or so. The figure has been obtained by a careful definition which excludes many pertinent NATO forces such as submarine missiles and carrier-based aircraft. These convenient exclusions have long been noted and corrected by outside observers. (Mary Kaldor, *NS* 26 Sept 1980). But no-one has yet noticed a deliberate lie in the presentation, which casts considerable doubt on the credibility of other aspects of the justification of NATO modernisation, involving the new missiles.

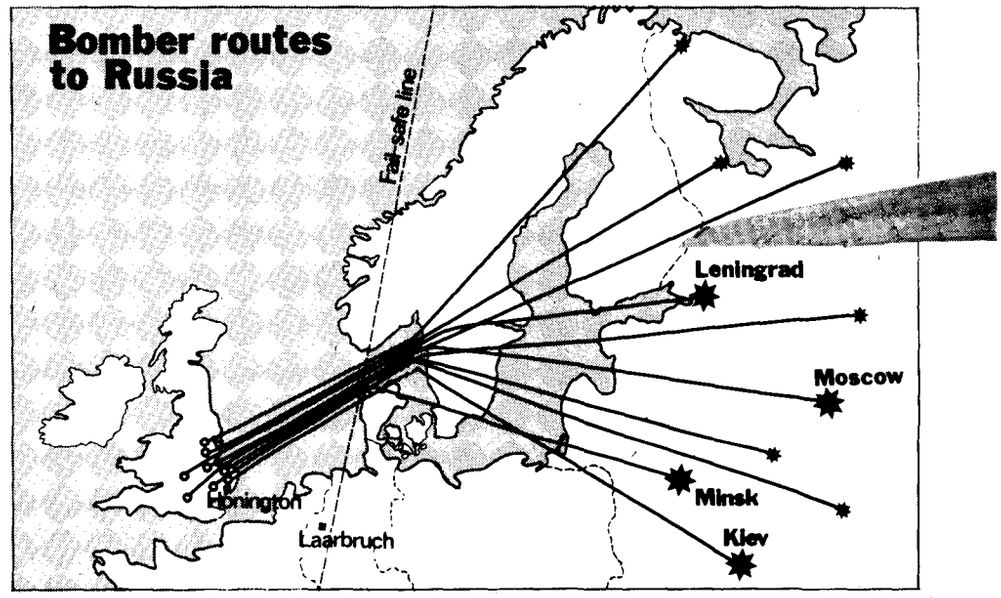
None of the Royal Air Force's Buccaneer aircraft are included in the 'long-range theatre nuclear force' balance, because as far as is publicly known they do not reliably have sufficient range. The British public, and the politicians of other NATO countries who have to consider the cruise missile decision, are thus unaware of two crucial points: these aircraft not only have the range to reach the USSR, but are *specifically targeted* on Soviet cities and military installations.

There are between 80 and 90 Buccaneers available, although some are being scrapped after urgent fatigue tests. The remainder, divided up into five squadrons and a training unit, were based at Honington in East Anglia and Laarbruch in western Germany. Two of the squadrons are now at Lossiemouth and have recently been given a new primary task of nuclear attacks on shipping off north Norway, but they still have land attacks on the USSR as a secondary role.

From the Honington base, the Buccaneers would attack targets in the Baltic coastal strip of the USSR, which includes such cities as Riga, Tallinn and Kaliningrad. Buccaneers from Laarbruch would attack targets in western central USSR, which includes cities like Lvov.

This deliberate misrepresentation (and who knows how many others) has only been possible because secrecy concealed the real 'balance' of long-range forces. On the most recent MoD figures, the gap between Warsaw Pact and NATO long-range nuclear capable aircraft is 350 to 260. This 'gap' is non-existent when the Buccaneers' actual capability is revealed. The Ministry of Defence did not deny that Buccaneers were targeted on the USSR: 'I can't really talk about what its actual role would be,' a spokesman said this week.

RAF and USAF nuclear bombers based in Britain have secret war plans to overfly Sweden to reach their Russian targets. The map shows typical routes from British bases. Most routes converge north of Denmark. The 8 degrees east latitude is the fail-safe line which they cannot cross without a second, final order. Honington and Laarbruch are the bases for Buccaneers which are targeted on the USSR, although NATO publicly claims they can't get there. (Right) Vulcan nuclear bomber, based near Lincoln.



THE OPERATION of the deterrent creates a set of peculiar psychological problems, particularly for aircraft crews involved in long range 'strikes'. (Nuclear warfare has evolved a large set of substitute codewords; 'strike' means a *nuclear* attack, 'special' weapon, generally, a nuke.) They are trained, for instance, in a Recovery Procedure for getting back to some Norwegian, Danish —

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or Swedish — airfield. But no-one expects to be going back anywhere. There would be nowhere to go back to.

More seriously, the justification and rationalisation of nuclear weapons lies in deterrence theory. If deterrence fails, and an attack is to be launched, the moment of action is also the moment when all faith in the purpose of the action is dissipated. One strike flier gave this account of how he then saw the course of the holocaust:

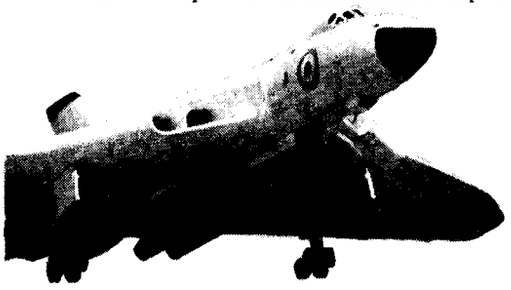
> If deterrence had failed, my own rationalisation would be that I'd prefer to be out front at the time of the final act than sitting back home waiting for something to rain down on me from above. I would much rather be in the thick of it, devoured in the holocaust. . .

He found the closing scene of the anti-war film *Dr Strangelove,* when the American bomber pilot rides with an H Bomb down to its target, wholly apt:

> I'd rather be out there astride my weapon than sitting back home feeling completely impotent — although there was no more potency being out front in terms of remedying anything. . .

Crews were, and are, trained to respond to this situation by making their technical workload as high as possible so that there is no time for anything except to carry out complete, well rehearsed manoeuvres.

BRITISH TARGET PLANS embody this principle in a number of ways. Although the main weapon of British nuclear-capable



Vulcans, Jaguars, and Buccaneers is a megaton hydrogen bomb, they are nevertheless instructed to aim to a standard which would be remarkable even for ordinary bombs. In the centre of each target city, a military pseudo-target is selected — perhaps a barracks, or a local military HQ. The bombers' mission is to drop the bomb exactly *there,* and to aim at a precise spot, say the *north-east* corner. 'If the Russians were doing it', said one specialist, 'it would be like them aiming a weapon big enough to destroy most of London at the entrance steps of the Ministry of Defence'.

Joint US and allied nuclear attacks on Russia are carefully worked out in a continually revised computer-produced document called SIOP — the Single Integrated Operational Plan. SIOP is prepared by the US Strategic Air Command in Omaha, Nebraska, and assigns targets for each of the tens of thousands of nuclear warheads carried by missiles, submarines and aircraft. So-called 'theatre' nuclear forces, into which somewhat spurious category the cruise missiles fit, are assigned their targets by the US's Supreme Allied Commander, Europe (SACEUR) from headquarters in West Germany.

Target plans for British aircraft, like their American equivalents, set out to dehumanise the target cities and their populations. The plans are drawn up by the Joint Air Reconnaissance Intelligence Centre at Brampton, near Huntingdon. Mainly, they do not speak of cities by name but merely by target numbers or 'ALNs' — Allied List Number, which is the number in the scheme of destruction prescribed by SIOP. (There is a similar but separate British-only 'National Plan' for unilateral use of British nuclear weapons.) Photographs are provided but, far from being the latest satellite reconnaissance pictures, they are, according to one source familiar with them, 'more likely to be from the 1940s than the 1970. The pictures are blurred and somehow distanced from reality by their age, in the same way that cities are transformed into 'legitimate' military targets by the presence of a small barracks. This is traditional: the first communiqué of the A-bomb attack on Hiroshima called it a 'military' centre.

AS SHOWN in celebrated movies like *Dr Strangelove,* the British nuclear force has its 'fail-safe' procedures and secret war rooms for pressing the Button. For the Polaris submarines, the No 1 Button is in the hands of the Chief Polaris Executive, and is at the naval and NATO HQ in Northwood, Middlesex. Reserve buttons are at Plymouth and Dunfermline, with many lines of command yet in reserve. The main means of communication with submerged submarines are the giant Very Low Frequency (VLF) transmitters, of which Britain has three — not one, as usually reported. These are at Rugby, Criggion in Shropshire, and Anthorn on the Solway Firth. Rugby and Criggion were modernised and Anthorn built in the 60s to provide the necessary links to submarines; each can take over if another is attacked.

For British bombers, the main Button is that of the bomber controller at Strike Command headquarters at High Wycombe. (In fact, the 'Button' is a pure metaphor — his orders go out as simple spoken messages.) Reserve 'war rooms' are at RAF bases up and down the country. The bombers will not normally take off, ever, with live nuclear weapons on board, unless war is believed to have started. They then fly towards Denmark where a second verbal order must be received or they wait at 'fail-safe'. Once they have passed east of Denmark, they must not return, and cannot be recalled.

Other, bizarre, fail-safe procedures were recalled by former RAF personnel who worked in Germany in the early '70s. At that time, RAF Phantom aircraft were kept on fairly permanent alert at the Bruggen air base, fully armed with nuclear weapons. The weapons were all-American. The fail safe mechanism was all-British. It consisted of a large piece of wood the size of a domestic door, into which many six-inch nails had been hammered. This complex technological item was placed directly in front of the Phantom's nosewheel once it was in position ready to 'scramble', preventing it taking off. An armed British RAF policeman stood on one side of the aircraft, guarding it. A USAF security policeman stood on the other side of the aircraft, guarding the fail-safe device and the nuclear bomb aboard. If anyone tried to remove the door-and-nails, thus enabling the plane to take off, he was ordered to shoot them instantly.

Making war was to be effected by sending two senior officers, one RAF and one USAF, scooting around the airfield in separate staff cars, each holding up Top Secret blackboards on which were inscribed the 'go' codes. Invariably, on these exercises, according to our eyewitness, one or other staff would be late. As one half of the mission was authorised but the weapons not released, the British and American policemen would quickly 'ready themselves for a John Wayne shoot-out at dawn'.

The description is reminiscent of similar controls on nuclear-armed NATO aircraft used by German and Dutch pilots, which were revealed to a US congressional committee. The primary means of preventing pilots taking off on an unauthorised nuclear-armed flight, the committee was told, was a US Marine sniper who took permanent aim on the German pilot while he was aboard his aircraft.

The major tenet of safe handling of nuclear weapons has long been the 'two-man' principle, whereby every operation to arm and use a nuclear weapon requires two people to act together. But this has now apparently been abandoned with the introduction of the *Jaguar* aircraft. Jaguars can only have one pilot.

THE DEADLY LOGIC of nuclear warfare extends across all aspects of a future war. Britain's plans for ensuring that the bombers do indeed get their orders to go include pressing the BBC into service. Should High Wycombe and other major centres like Bawtry, near Doncaster, have been destroyed, then airborne control aircraft will take off from another base near Huntingdon to send the final orders. Should even this not be available, the last line of defence will be BBC Radio 4, whose long wave transmitters at Droitwich will also then be putting out the instructions for Armageddon.

The SIOP plan takes into consideration the likelihood that many US missiles or other strikes will not reach their target through error or early destruction. Consequently 'overkill' is indeed put into practice. US and British bomber crews heading for Russia are warned that when they get to cities such as Leningrad, Kiev, or Minsk, there may be no city left, as ICBM's will already have struck. What, I asked one former crew member, happened if they found themselves flying low across burning cities, over the dead and dying of the earlier strike? 'You add your contribution to it and then get out.'

Similar sterility of thought afflicts the nuclear battlefield. NATO exercises always assume aggression across central Germany from 'Orange' (ie Warsaw Pact) troops. Although US plans exist for an invasion in the other direction (*NS* 27.6.80 'How to blow up the world'), the basic NATO doctrine is simple — to retreat using hills and rivers as barriers and control points to create zones where it is intended to 'canalise' enemy troops. They are forced to move in relatively dense formation between high ground held by NATO forces. If this is successfully done, the next job is to re-align your forces to

Contd on p13

Confusion

In the previous article in this series (NS 17 April), pictures of the nuclear weapons production factory at Burghfield and the 'SSA' nuclear store were transposed. The *top* photo is Burghfield; the bottom, the SSA at RAF Scampton, near Lincoln.

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YORKSHIRE RIPPER

Murdoch heads the pack

ROB ROHRER reports on Fleet Street's cheque-book hunt for the Yorkshire Ripper.

THE NEW OWNER of *The Times* is likely to change his occupation before the weekend is out, from 'spoiler' to 'minder'. Rupert Murdoch will have bought his dubiously increased status, if negotiations run smoothly, with a cheque for £110,000 — the amount shown on the contract offered last weekend to Sonia Sutcliffe by News International, Murdoch's press conglomerate. Mrs Sutcliffe's husband, Peter, is the Bradford lorry driver who pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey this week to killing 13 women in Lancashire and Yorkshire over the past five years, claiming he was suffering from diminished responsibility.

In Fleet Street parlance the 'spoiler' is the tactic used to detract from a rival newspaper's scoop, usually by running a different version of the tale told by lesser characters. 'Minders' are reporters who double as bouncers keeping their newly-signed charges incommunicado in country hotels and resorts while the True Confessions are ghosted. Until recent weeks the *News of the World* appeared to be satisfied preparing 'spoilers' in the wake of the *Sunday People*'s successful spending spree.

Murdoch's uncharacteristically late entry into the Sutcliffe bidding was explained by one experienced observer: 'I do know there was a strict embargo throughout News International, before the *Times* deal, on buying the Sutcliffes and getting a dirty name.' By the eve of the Old Bailey trial, however, News International, led by Stuart Kutner, a *News of the World* assistant editor, were pushing hard to persuade Sonia Sutcliffe to sign with them.

MURDOCH'S OFFER of a record sum by British standards has simply capped four months of competitive jostling on Bradford doorsteps. Long before Sonia Sutcliffe indicated through her solicitor last week that she would consider talking to the newspapers, many cheque book stubs had been filled in. One *Sunday People* deal was the £12,000-plus signing of Sutcliffe's reputed Scottish mistress, complete with 'love-letters'. Once again Fleet Street was preparing to excel past performances in pursuit of circulation-fertilising drama.

The traps went up when West Yorkshire police held their ill-conceived press conference in early January announcing their 'absolute delight' at the capture of an unnamed suspect. Within hours the *Yorkshire Post* had secured Sutcliffe's name and address and their crime correspondent was ignoring one national newspaper's standing offer of a £2,500 reward solely for tipping them off with the name. In their public jubilation West Yorkshire police had failed to notify any of the Sutcliffe family, apart from the lorry driver's wife, who was taken into police custody for questioning. At 1 a.m. on Monday 5 January a reporter broke the news to Sonia Sutcliffe's parents. Later the same day John Sutcliffe, the suspect's father, read of the arrest in his local paper. Throughout the day scores of press cars queued in Tanton Crescent, outside the in-laws house. 'We were inside,' said one local reporter, 'and the notes were coming through the letterbox like confetti. There was one that asked for the chance to top any other offer.'

Andrew Varley

West Yorkshire police chiefs celebrating their 'absolute delight' at the capture of Peter Sutcliffe, four months before his trial began. Left to right: George Oldfield, West Yorkshire Chief Constable Ronald Gregory and Jim Hobson.

The *Daily Mail* and the *Sunday People* quickly drew away from the rest of the pack. By the end of the first week the *Mail* had moved members of the Sutcliffe family to the Stirk House Hotel, near Gisburn, and opened the bidding with a cheque for £2,500 which they offered to John Sutcliffe. After reading the contract he was expected to sign he refused the offer.

This week the *Mail*, although once clear favourite to sign Peter Sutcliffe's wife, were reticent about the whole affair. John Grover, deputy editor, told the *NS* he didn't propose to give his views on cheque-book journalism: 'We've covered this story in the way every newspaper covers this story.'

AS THE MAIL went to ground in January at the Stirk House Hotel, the *Sunday People* headed for the Cottage Motel, Delph, with their expensive capture. There they registered 'The Brian family', concealing the identity of Trevor Birdsall, a van-driver, his friend Gloria, and her young son Richard. Some time elapsed before the police could trace Birdsall, finally having to ask the *Sunday People* to return him from a Blackpool hideaway.

The Birdsall episode illustrates further police mishandling of the investigation. Holding a press conference so soon after Sutcliffe's arrest was inviting Fleet Street to take over the inquiry. This they did with gusto, pouring in hundreds of reporters and plenty of hard cash. The police stood little chance.

'The police were so far behind in their inquiries,' laughed one sober reporter, 'that it's been seriously suggested they put plain-clothes men into the bar of the Norfolk Garden Hotel, in Bradford, to eavesdrop on the press there.'

THE MORE SERIOUS police errors, however, as the *New Statesman* warned last year, concerned West Yorkshire's absolute conviction that the Sunderland letters and tape were authentic and indicated the killer's voice, handwriting and blood-group.

'There are details in the letters,' said assistant chief constable George Oldfield in June 1979, 'which could only have been written by the Ripper.' That judgement, made after many months spent studying the letters, was insupportable. The letters claimed responsibility for the Preston murder at a time when the police did not publicly list it in the Ripper series, and spoke of how one Manchester victim had talked about going to hospital.

The Preston connection, as Oldfield should have appreciated, had been clearly signalled by a *Daily Mirror* report, one year earlier. And the hospital treatment of Vera Millward had been described at length by her husband in the *Manchester Evening News* shortly after her death. But these flimsy clues were used to support the blood link between the Preston murder and saliva tests on the Sunderland packages, both of which showed B-secretor. This led police to disregard the marked dissimilarities between the Preston murder and the others.

The police now accept Peter Sutcliffe's denial that he was connected with the Preston murder and he is clearly not the author of the letters and tape.

The burden of criticism for these elementary errors in detection logic, however, must fall equally on Scotland Yard. Commander Jim Nevill appraised the Ripper inquiry and came away well satisfied with what he had seen. In West Yorkshire's police magazine he said: 'All the eggs are not in one basket. The enquiry is continuing on a path that should eliminate any risk of just looking for that voice or letter writer.'

Nevill appeared to be ignorant of the key West Yorkshire instruction — dated 13 September 1979 — which spelt out to all forces the points by which suspects could be eliminated.

> A person can be eliminated from these inquires if . . . his accent is dissimilar to a North Eastern (Geordie) accent.

It was a fundamental error which was to seriously misguide Northern police forces for nearly two years — until a piece of routine and unremarkable police observation led to Peter Sutcliffe's arrest and confession.

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P.A.

Ramsay Clark (right) and Father Daniel Berrigan (left): both refused permission to see Bobby Sands. Centre: Bernadette McAliskey

IRELAND

The price of disdain

Whatever the outcome of Bobby Sands's fast, Mrs Thatcher's handling of the H-Block issue has been tactless enough to make a dreadful crisis still worse.

THE CLASSIC BRITISH response to an impending crisis in the province has become familiar over 12 years: when faced with a grave problem do not look for a solution which might avert violence, instead arrest anybody who is likely to protest about the situation, thereby ensuring maximum community support for any violence which does ensue.

One will almost certainly be accused of promoting terrorist propaganda by referring to Bobby Sands as an MP rather than as an IRA hunger striker. There is a purpose in so describing him. Prior to Mr Sands's election to parliament it was almost impossible to conceive that the H Block issue could again generate the kind of support that had existed before Christmas, even if one of the hunger strikers were to die. The acrimony and arguments surrounding the ending of the last hunger strike had left even staunch supporters of the H Block campaign confused and deflated. The Fermanagh South Tyrone by-election changed that. At first it seemed little more than a propaganda victory for the Provisionals. One commended the British government for its good sense in not expelling Mr Sands from the House of Commons, which would have had the effect of enhancing that propaganda coup abroad. But as Mr Sands's condition deteriorated, it became clear that although his election might be allowed to stand, the wishes of those who voted for him were to count for nothing.

Many interpretations have been put on the election result and there is no need to go over the ground again. At a gut level the vote for Mr Sands was almost certainly one to keep the Unionist candidate out. But it cannot be denied that the election campaign was fought, quite explicitly, on a single issue — to seek a solution to the problem of the H Block prisoners. Thirty thousand people voted for Mr Sands and, if the democratic process is to count for anything, they must be presumed to have voted in support of his campaign — i.e. they wanted the H Block issue resolved in a way that would save Mr Sands's life. Mrs Thatcher has chosen to ignore that vote, and the consequences for constitutional politics in the province are already becoming hideously clear. The people who will profit from her determination not to seek any compromise will be the extremists on both sides. The losers will be those politicians who have attempted, against the odds, to show that progress can be achieved by political means.

One of the first to suffer may well be the Irish Premier, Mr Charles Haughey. During her triumphal tour of the Gulf Mrs Thatcher took time to make it clear that public opinion in the South of Ireland does not matter to her. The contemptuous dismissal of a request by three Irish Euro MPs to meet either herself or Mr Whitelaw was couched in terms designed to enrage even those people in Ireland who detest Bobby Sands and all he stands for. When she remarked that it was not her practice to meet MPs of other countries to discuss a UK citizen resident in the UK, she demonstrated either an unforgiveable ignorance of the Irish situation or a positive desire to offend. The MPs in question were members of the European Parliament. They had visited Sands with the express approval of the British Government. Each in his or her own way carries considerable weight with varying sections of Irish opinion and, it may be assumed, within the IRA. One of them, Ms Sile de Valera has become such a rallying point for the republican wing of the Fianna Fail party that she is now in a position to threaten Mr Haughey's hold on his party.

One wonders if Mrs Thatcher would refuse to allow members of her cabinet to meet senators Teddy Kennedy and Daniel Moynihan, who are among leading Irish American politicians who have urged her publicly to take positive action to defuse the Sands situation. Quite possibly she does not realise how important these men have been in recent years in urging their fellow Irish Americans not to give money or support to the IRA. Her ministers' capacity for making influential enemies in this affair has been breathtaking. The refusal to allow Ramsey Clark to see Sands, after he had travelled from the United States for the purpose, has brought the American reporters to Northern Ireland in numbers unknown since the violent days of the early Seventies. Now Mr Clark has agreed to take part in an inquiry into the killing last week of two youths in Derry by the security forces, thus ensuring maximum international coverage for what would otherwise probably have been a purely local event.

In recent months British government officials have been fulsome in their praise of Mr Haughey's co-operation on security matters and his political ingenuity. That ingenuity was deployed last week when he initiated the only real attempt which has been made so far to solve the present crisis, by persuading the Sands family to call in the European Commission of Human Rights to examine Bobby Sands's case. The plan was designed to save face on all sides and, even though it failed, it might be thought that the British government had some cause for feeling grateful to Mr Haughey. This is not to suggest that the Irish premier was acting primarily to help Mrs Thatcher out of a tight corner: he knows very well that if Sands dies the ensuing violence could spill over into the South and sweep his immediate political prospects away with it. For Mr Haughey, too, has been inclined recently to make much of his 'special relationship' with Mrs Thatcher and of the importance of the working parties set up between the two governments, as a first step towards solving the problem of Northern Ireland.

In fact, the Irish premier had hoped to use this evidence of progress on the Northern question as a trump card in the coming general election. The timing of that election is now in limbo, waiting like so much else for the death of Bobby Sands. But already Mr Haughey's enemies have been swift to point out one lesson of the recent past. Whatever value he may put on his relationship with Mrs Thatcher, they say, his feelings do not appear to be reciprocated. The public snub to Sile de Valera, one of Mr Haughey's most crucial supporters within his own party, will not be forgotten. The claim to have a special relationship with Mrs Thatcher would not be something that any Irish politician would want to boast about in the event of Bobby Sands's death. □

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US intrigue in the Gulf

FRED HALLIDAY reports on General Haig's new military network

THE RULING CONSENSUS in Washington is now that the Persian Gulf far more than El Salvador forms the central area for confronting the Soviet Union in the third world and for 'projecting' the new military willpower of the United States. For some US commentators, the very centre of US global policy has shifted from Europe to the Gulf region. This explains the flurry of high-ranking visitors to Arabia over recent weeks — Mrs Thatcher's visit last week was preceded by General Haig's, and is followed this week by that of Helmut Schmidt. The issue of discussion is not Palestine (that remains dormant until some time after the Israeli elections), but a new military network for the region.

The main emphasis in American discussions has been on the Rapid Deployment Force, a system whereby an established command structure can call up and deploy units from the US army for use in the Middle East. The 261-strong command staff is at present based in Florida, but US Defence Secretary Weinberger announced plans last Friday to move it to the Southwest Asian region, along with some combat units which are directly under its control.

However, no state in the region is as yet willing to play host to such a force. One obvious solution is to station it on ships in the Indian Ocean. But the new administration has taken over the programme first elaborated under Carter of setting up a chain of 'bare bases' in the Gulf region which US forces could use in any intervention. These have ground facilities and pre-positioned supplies, but no troops. And they are far from the population centres from which saboteurs or demonstrators may come.

The ideal bare base is on the Indian island of Diego Garcia. Although the US forces have used it since the late 1960s, the Pentagon is now planning to spend $158 million on expanding its facilities. Other suitable naval facilities now being prepared by the Americans include: the Ras Banas base on Egypt's Red Sea coast, the former Russian facilities at Berbera in Somalia, the port of Mombasa in Kenya, and the ports of Raysut and Hudam in Oman. The prize naval basing facility in the whole area would be the Pakistani port of Gwadar: this natural harbour on the Baluchi coast of Pakistan is less than 50 miles from Iran and near the mouth of the Persian Gulf. It was a dependency of Oman's until the Sultan sold it back to Pakistan for £3 million in 1958. Its possible use by the Americans was reported to be one of the topics discussed when the Pakistani Foreign Minister Agha Shahi visited Washington last week.

Camera Press

Qaddafi: a choice target for US 'spoilers'

An expansion of air facilities is going together with this naval build-up. Facilities at Qena, in upper Egypt, at Berbera in Somalia, and at Masirah island in Oman have been earmarked for special attention. So too has the desert airstrip at Thamrit, in southern Oman, built by a British construction firm in the early 1970s for possible use in combat with South Yemen, whose border is only a hundred miles away. The Americans know that in time of serious need they could, whether the Saudis liked it or not, take possession of the network of airfields being constructed by the US Corps of Engineers in Saudi Arabia. The AWACS reconnaissance planes being supplied to the Saudis will, even when they arrive in 1985, be under the effective control of the Americans.

The Americans have in fact already got a more substantial presence on the ground than is commonly conceded. There are at least 1,600 US personnel serving in Saudi Arabia, plus thousands of other ex-military personnel training Saudis under the auspices of the Vinnell Corporation, a CIA-organised enterprise. Despite much alarm about Soviet influence in the Indian Ocean, latest data show that the West has an overwhelming superiority: the Russians have five combat ships in the ocean, the US navy has 17. France already has 4,000 acclimatised Foreign Legion troops in Jibouti, at the mouth of the Red Sea.

The other side of the US programme in the region is covert action. In what appears as a reflection of high-level thinking in Washington, columnist Joe Kraft recently wrote of the possibility of 'spoiling operations' against Soviet allies in the region, which he saw as 'a cheaper and speedier strategy' for countering Soviet influence, than building bases.

Reagan has already announced increased aid to the Afghan rebels, and while Agha Shahi has opposed this, seeing it as a possible cause of a third world war, US planners are hoping to supply anti-helicopter weapons to the Afghans. Their main problem is the disunity of the Afghan opposition: hope now centres on the calling of a tribal *jirga* or assembly from which a unified authority recognised by Washington could emerge.

The choice target for a thrust against Soviet influence is Libya. Policy Planning Chief in the State Department, Paul Wolfowitz, is believed to have a particular concern about Qaddafi and, as a former commander of NATO, Haig is worried by what he sees as a threat to Europe's southern flank. Egypt, Sudan and Saudi Arabia would all welcome the removal of the Libyan government and might be expected to offer a helping hand: African states, especially Nigeria, resent Libya's role in Chad. But the uncertain intentions of hundreds of Russian military technicians in Libya, plus the presence of 2,000 US civilians are factors leading to some hesitation.

The Reagan Administration has let it be known that it would also like to 'go after' the Russians in Syria, South Yemen and Ethiopia, but only the first of these, embroiled in Lebanon, offers an easy target. In the longer-run the greatest theatre for covert action may be Iran, if and when the situation there decomposes further. Exile leader Bakhtiar was in Cairo during Haig's visit and may have seen the Secretary of State; but the Americans feel that substantial involvement in Iran now would be premature.

Of course, if Reagan really wants to put the Soviets on the defensive in the Middle East, he will have to tidy up the conflict between Israel and the US's Arab allies. A one-term Republican President might be quite prepared after this summer's Israeli elections to put the kind of pressure necessary on Tel Aviv to produce a settlement of the Arab-Israeli issue. Despite his campaign rhetoric, Reagan has not allowed the traditionally pro-Israeli right-wing Democratic forces to find a leading place in his Administration. Quite the contrary, this President is indebted to the 'sunbelt capitalists' — represented by the oil companies and multinational corporations who happen to have considerable stakes in Saudi Arabia. George Schultz and Caspar Weinberger, for instance, are both former directors of Bechtel Corporation, an engineering firm with millions of dollars worth of construction contracts in Saudi Arabia. These men will certainly work to achieve a Saudi-Israeli modus vivendi. But that is for the long term — for the moment this Administration will concentrate on extending its military links in the Persian Gulf. □

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Bombs III

Contd from p9

clear a Nuclear Killing Zone, NKZ. A barrage of nuclear shells will then be fired into the NKZ from 8 inch howitzers a mere 10 miles or so away. Britain has bought at least 16 howitzers and their associated shells from the US for precisely this purpose. Some 50 smaller 155mm guns are also officially said to be capable of firing nuclear shells. It is into this scenario that the neutron bomb fits — its special danger being the lowering of the threshold at which nuclear weapons might be used.

In battlefield nuclear warfare, it is not merely a question of firing one or two nuclear shells. Current US and NATO doctrine, spelt out even in unclassified manuals, describes the official concept of a 'package' of dozens of nuclear weapons being used at once. In a typical package, there could be anything from 40 to 140 nuclear attacks. Atomic demolition munitions would be used in front of enemy troops, with several dozen nuclear shells launched on to major concentrations. Lance missiles would attack rear reserves and control points, and aircraft would use larger bombs on strong points. The package should 'alter the tactical situation decisively' and have 'full integration with other military and diplomatic actions'. The package concept is literally a recipe for a holocaust.

Curiously, according to former members of the army, such exercises do not include serious consideration of what happens when the enemy then fights back with nuclear — or, for that matter, chemical weapons. Defence against nuclear weapons in the battlefield is practised as an abstract discipline, not as a next step after NATO has launched a nuclear attack in the battlefield. The logic is fairly suggestive. No exercise in the German field has anticipated that NATO will not be the first to use small nuclear weapons. But the exercises stop there. No-one knows what hell happens next, as a counter-stroke destroys a large part of NATO's field forces and its command centres. After that, nuclear war is out of control.

On paper, rather than field exercises, the strategy can be examined further. Here, as former Chief Scientific Adviser Lord Zuckerman revealed, there is a further chill: no paper exercise at creating limited warfare has stopped short of an all-out exchange.

IMAGINATIVE ATTEMPTS at nuclear mayhem raising will be added to this mix. As discussed two weeks ago, Britain has access to a small number of 'atomic demolition munitions'. As their name suggests, these are small nukes intended for sabotage of key installations either in the front of an enemy advance or on key installations in the rear. Their prior siting in selected places has raised considerable controversy, particularly in Germany where details of any installation of ADMs is withheld, even from most of NATO. Certainly conventional explosives charges are built in to many bridges in key locations, according to British explosives experts. Such charges are called 'cheeses'.

ADMs are also intended to be used by SAS and guerrilla troops operating behind enemy lines. A US plan for providing nuclear, chemical and biological weapons to special forces and partisans in the USSR and countries like Finland was among the documents leaked in 1980 (*NS* 27.6.80). A special unit known as the Special Operations Task Force Europe, which is now based at Stuttgart, plans such nuclear sabotage in conjunction with the CIA. SOTFE works closely with the British SAS, who have been allocated ADMs for their use since the late 1950s, according to a former SAS Major then involved in planning SAS war operations. Since nuclear weapons can be produced as eight-inch-diameter artillery shells, they can also be produced in a form in which paratroopers or SAS can carry them in backpacks, and assemble and fire them near valuable or important targets. Caches of such weapons have been prepositioned for wartime use, for example in Turkey.

Getting our greens

Arthur Marshall

SUCH HAS been, and is, my humble position in life that my meetings (if such they may be called) with the great of this world have mostly been both hasty and accidental. In 1942 I found myself, masquerading as a Major, in London and at Combined Operations HQ. Sporadic raids on the French and other coasts, and the enormously successful one on St Nazaire, were taking place and it was all very interesting and unusual. We were in Richmond Terrace, one of the Whitehall off-shoots on the river side, and emerging one November evening after work, I found myself in a pea-souper fog, a hazard which is now no more but in which, however well one knew the streets, it was possible to get instantly lost, and the wartime black-out was hardly a help. I had planned to walk up Whitehall and so to Pall Mall and the welcoming doors of the Reform Club but in fact it was into Downing Street that I mistakenly groped my way and was suddenly sent flying by a burly and, at a distance of about a foot, fully recognisable figure. Churchill, no less. He grunted the word 'Shorry' and passed on, pursued by two agitated persons (detective and chauffeur?) who said anxiously 'We've lost him. Which way did he go?' I pointed into the swirling opaqueness and they hurried after him, but just for a moment I felt that I had been right at the heart of things.

Well then, paying a post-war visit to the Tate Gallery and turning sharply away in disgust from a, to me, abhorrent modern painting, I found that I had cannoned into none other than Field Marshal Alexander (surprisingly short in stature) and we too exchanged 'Sorries' and I wondered to myself, in my witty way, whom I was going to bump into next. And bless me, travelling by train to Exeter for onward transport by road to Appleton, if I didn't have another brief encounter with Somebody. I was in one of those nice railway carriages with proper compartments and not our present ghastly, restless, open-plan disasters with a constant *va-et-vient* ('The buffet is in the centre of the train') up and down the central aisle. A further advantage of those old-fashioned carriages was that they did not announce to one and all (TOILET ENGAGED) that you had gone to the lavatory. Safely closeted in one shortly after leaving Westbury, I was made aware, by a frenzied rattling at the door, of the fact that there was somebody without whose need was even more urgent than mine. Hastily completing my business, I hurried out and full tilt into the imposing physique of the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Ramsey), hovering expectantly. It occurred to me that if there were to be a serious railway accident and I sustained a mortal injury, I would be finely placed for receiving, and from an august source, whatever ranks, if anything does, in the Church of England as Extreme Unction.

Continuing my proud boasts, but perhaps on a slightly less exalted level, I once went up in a Peter Jones lift with genial Percy Thrower, the highly gifted gardening expert, but the Peter Jones emporium is a long way from 'Myrtlebank' and it is really in Appleton that we now need Mr Thrower's expertise, for the latest exciting news from this quarter is that we are going to try to grow our own vegetables. There now! My spacious grounds already contain a sizeable vegetable plot, concealed from the gracious flower gardens by a hedge, a plot which I loaned out to dear old Mr Bidder, tree-feller and wood-cutter and ditch-cleaner extraordinary but who is now, alas, no more. And so, in lieu of Mr Thrower, I have invested in a fully illustrated guide, selling at 40p and published by Pan Britannica Industries. It is by the admirable Dr D.G. Hessayon, is called 'Be Your Own Vegetable Doctor' and a first reading drains the blood from the face and sends shock waves of alarm through one's entire system.

Prepare yourselves to, like poor old Macbeth, sup full with horrors. Take the Cucumber Family, in which are embraced marrows and courgettes. They can get Gummosis (sunken spots through which oozes an amber-like gum which develops, as though that weren't already quite enough, mould). They can get Anthracnose and, before death, turn a variety of colours — pale green, pink, black, yellow. They can get Stem Rot, Sun Scald, Powdery Mildew, Verticillium Wilt and, understandably after such sufferings, Bitterness. Almost as vulnerable are the veg that to me are the best of all, beans and peas. In mounting and sympathetic dismay one reads of their plucky struggles against Downy Mildew (mauve mould on the underside), Chocolate Spot (fatal if, like shingles, the spots meet), Bean Seed Fly (leading on to Tunnelled Seedlings, and completely lethal), Thrips and Pea Aphids and Halo Blight, Pod Spot and Maggots and Fusarium Wilt (reddish-brown streaks in the stems and not nice at all).

Although I am not particularly fond of parsnips, my heart goes out to them in their afflictions, and here, as in carrot diseases, Dr Hessayon's coloured illustrations reach a new spine-chilling peak. One peep at a parsnip in the final stages of Parsnip Canker and one just has to turn, shuddering, away, only to find one's gaze transfixed anew by a carrot with Violet Root Rot.

But what, I hear you ask, of the humble spud? Well, hold on to something firm while I tell you. Whereas celery and spinach both have a mere five things threatening them, and lettuce as many as thirteen, potatoes top the lot with no fewer than twenty-six perils, the last one being, of all things, Gangrene, which one had assumed to be a treat specially reserved by wise providence for humans. The catalogue of potato misfortune is endless — Wart Disease, Hollow Heart, Gapping, Capsid Bug and Blight. Trade union members on strike and active on picket lines will be fascinated to hear that spuds also have Blackleg (the haulm wilts and withers) and no less than two sorts of Scab, Common and Powdery. So now they can vary the insults hurled at those backsliders who, and how very odd of them, wish to work.

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Diary

FRANCIS WHEEN

■ It has been suggested that no one was really to blame for the abolition of *Now!*; but I think this argument is too kind by half to Anthony Shrimsley, the magazine's editor. As one *Now!* journalist told me: 'It was an autocratically run office — Shrimsley was the sort of man not prepared to listen to another point of view. There's never been any discussion. He says: "That's the way it is; if you don't like it, get out." He was always interfering, introducing his heavy-handed political line into everything. Sometimes he would completely alter the meaning of my stories. Journalists were not informed or consulted about anything.' Shrimsley and his mentor, Jimmy Goldsmith, are both expected to attend the closing-down party in the *Now!* canteen this Friday (1 May). If I were in their shoes, I should take a strong posse of bodyguards.

■ Oddly enough, in its last issue *Now!* carried rather a good story. In the past year there has been a growing heap of evidence which suggests that the Cruise missile, on which America and Britain are pinning so many hopes and so much loot, is a turkey. (See 'Cruise: The Missile That Does Not Work', *NS* 22 August 1980; see also an impressive piece in the *New York Review of Books*, 20 November 1980.) The latest and most damning attack, on which the *Now!* report was based, comes from the US General Accounting Office. The GAO reveals that when ten Cruise missiles were launched in a recent test, no fewer than four of them crashed before reaching their target. The GAO confirms that Tercom, the system which is supposed to guide the missiles unerringly to their target, is hopeless. Tercom should enable the missiles to travel close to the ground, thereby evading enemy radar. In fact, the missiles can only follow terrain if they fly at heights at which they can easily be spotted. Moreover, Tercom is completely thrown when flying over snow-covered country. As any member of the public could tell Nato, the Soviet Union is a place where snow is not uncommon.

■ Publication of the annual report of London Zoo is always one of the brighter moments in the financial year. Surely no other set of company accounts includes a list of assets to match the following: Long-nosed Potoroo, Fat-tailed Dwarf Lemur, Sooty Mangabey, Cotton-headed Tamarin, Fat Dormouse, Blotched Genet, Vietnamese Pot-Bellied Pig, One-wattled Cassowary, Fulvous Whistling Duck, Scintillating Copper Pheasant, Perfect Lorikeet, Funereal Cockatoo, Severe Macaw, Grey Go-Away Bird, Lemon-rumped Tanager and Stinkpot Mud Terrapin. My favourite creature is the frog, and this too is well-represented; pride of place unquestionably goes to the South American Paradoxical Frog (the authorities are having no truck with Hilaire Belloc's sage advice: 'Be kind and gentle to the frog/ And do not call it names'). However, despite the gaiety of the inhabitants' names and plumage, I can't help feeling glad that the zoo is now in financial trouble. I visited Regent's Park last year for the first time in ages, and I was shocked by the Whitelaw-style conditions in which many of the animals were kept: not *shades* of the prison house, but the real thing. Of course it's dangerous to anthropomorphise our dumb chums, but I remain convinced that the creatures were, shall we say, rather short of *joie de vivre*. If Thatcher's government refuses to give any state aid to this disagreeable institution it will be performing a great public service.

■ Was Tony Benn as determined as his supporters suggest in standing up to the mandarins during his time in office? He certainly fought to maintain 'coal burn', as officialdom calls it, when the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) was trying to switch to oil, and he did try to slow the rush to nuclear energy. There were, however, missed opportunities, and one of them is described in a new edition of *Energy From The Waves*, published by Pergamon and written by David Ross. Supporters of wave-power are usually dismissed as romantic nutters, but Ross is a thoroughly sane fellow who has done his homework. He points out that even Glyn England, chairman of the CEGB, admitted that waves were capable of 'supplying the whole of Britain with electricity at the present rate of consumption'. Yet the Department of Energy was still most reluctant to conduct any serious research into the subject. Ross also reprints a briefing which the Department gave Benn: it complained about an article by Ross in the *New Statesman* ('the Department gave generous background briefing to Ross but did not have a preview of the article') and explained that the Japanese had been able to launch a wave energy generator only because 'Japanese industry has offered very low prices for plant because of low order books'. As Ross points out, British industry also had low order books. Perhaps Britain would be in better shape if we reversed the popular wisdom and began to think of people like Ross as the 'realists'. The flat-earthers are all in Whitehall.

■ Talking of energy, I hear that the CEGB is at present denouncing secrecy. It is complaining that a report on the CEGB by the Monopolies Commission, due to be published early in May (and thought to be highly critical), has not been shown to it. Strangely enough, the CEGB has itself been criticised for being too secretive by the Health and Safety Executive. This obsession with secrecy in energy matters is also found among workers' representatives: the TUC has just sent out the official minutes of an energy conference, and has marked them 'Private and Confidential'. Given that the conference was public, was attended by the press and was widely reported, this seems rather puzzling.

■ At last — a story with (I hope) a happy ending. A couple of weeks ago Virago Books brought out paperback editions of two novels by the great Australian writer Henry Handel Richardson (who, behind the pseudonym, was actually a woman). Our editor, who has spent some time Down Under, immediately wondered why Virago weren't also publishing Richardson's most famous book, *The Fortunes Of Richard Mahony*. Carmen Callil of Virago, herself an Australian, said that nothing would give her greater pleasure — 'it is a great, mammoth, amazing and wonderful novel' — but Penguin already owned the paperback rights. They had never actually published a paperback edition of it in this country, nor were they likely to do so, but they still wouldn't yield the rights. Impasse. I spoke to Penguin about this state of affairs, and on Tuesday evening they rang back with glad tidings: they have decided to ship large quantities of the Australian paperback edition over to England 'probably within a few months'. Place your orders now.

Roger Woddis

Give us this day

Dr. L.A. Munnik, South Africa's Minister of Health, says pensioners need only R20 (£11.20) a month for an adequate diet. Professor Harry Seftel, of Witwatersrand University, claims they should survive on a loaf of bread and a litre of milk a day.

Professor Seftel and his ilk
Perceive the good in bread and milk,
A diet which, for lesser breeds,
Is all an ageing body needs.
But he admits this may not be
In tune with good psychology,
If such restricted food and drink
Should cause an African to think.

While Doctor Munnik holds the view
That twenty Rand a month will do
To keep a pensioner alive,
He will not go to twenty-five.
Such wild demands, in any case,
Do not affect the Master Race:
To live on twenty Rand himself
Would kill the Minister of Helf.

Apartheid and the cattle-prod
Are, after all, ordained by God:
He does not share a common seat
With those who can't afford to eat.
The best deserve prime steaks and chops,
The rest should be content with slops —
Though God knows what they want instead
Of Botha and their daily bread.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐ The annual oranges and lemons service at St Clement Danes, in the Strand, yesterday was enlivened by children in red Indian warpaint, symbolising multi-racial Britain. — *The Times* (B. Harrison).

☐ Alan Wood, 51, who is unemployed, asked York magistrates to send him to prison yesterday — because he did not like the community work he had been given as a punishment. — *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

☐ The service also intends to keep home comforts running, even if the bomb drops. They hope not only to keep a 'meals on wheels' service running for the elderly and handicapped but provide a 'books on wheels' service and a 'jigsaw on wheels' service. — *Guardian* (J. Woodhouse)

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LETTERS

Class and the family

From Margaret Bell
The information given in Anna Coote's recent article 'Fixing up the family' (*NS* 20 March) is most valuable to those interested in socialist perspectives on the family. However, I would like to point out one feature of Tory policy which is vital to an understanding of current trends.

The dismantling of the welfare state outlined in the article is consistent with Conservative ideology, but it is not a direct assault upon the role of *all* women. The traditional definition of a wife's duty to the family has always been tempered by an understanding that familial wealth allows greater freedom of choice for the individual woman. That is to say, the wealthy family is able to buy their own private 'welfare state' comprising nursery staff, attendant nurses for the sick, domestic service, etc.

Unfortunately, this double standard of wife — mother ideology has been ignored by the socialist tradition, and has led the trade union movement to connive at its own exploitation. The blind use of the term 'family breadwinner' as a bargaining counter for small financial improvements in male wage levels, which rebounds in a depression of female wages, demonstrates that many trade unionists still have not understood the fact that they are thereby accepting and perpetuating a definition of wife-mother which the elite groups have never applied to themselves but which is most convenient when accepted by the masses.

Confusion arises because of spurious similarities between the role of women in the two groups; what is of real import however is the crucial difference between the groups. The role of wife-mother in families of wealth is to ensure inheritance by a legitimate heir. When this duty is successfully performed her subsequent activity is largely a matter of choice, since substitutes can be employed to perform domestic and child care tasks. She is not bound to become a full-time housewife, and there is no talk of 'worries about the impact on the family of more mothers going out to work'. Here, one could compare Mrs Thatcher's own biography, as well as the high status women of the aristocracy, including the Queen.

While male trade unionists follow the 'housewife' ideology because it is a useful short-term bargaining ploy, and provides them with a potential personal servant, the overall income to their class will be kept low, and the only women to be totally exploited will be their own. The potential earnings locked away in the domestic housewife can never be recouped in full by means of male 'breadwinner' wages. The male has been persuaded to accept the loss of this revenue to his class and his kin in return for small benefits in his own pay-packet, and the promise of continuing 'superiority' over his female class counterparts.

The provision of state services which release the housewife brings the working-class family closer to the true pattern expressed in upper-class families than has previously been appreciated. To accede to their dismantling in return for the 'breadwinner' mirage is to agree to the restatement of drastic class differences which affect men equally as much as women. The working-class male's attitude to his wife is a crucial element in bolstering the whole power structure.
Renkenweg 6, D-7750 Konstanz, W. Germany

Academic freedom

From Noam Chomsky
Gitta Sereny's comments (*NS* 10 April) on my involvement in the 'Faurisson affair' contain some minor factual inaccuracies (see my article in *The Nation*, 28 February), and may be misleading in other respects.

Sereny writes that I have 'retired' to the position 'that every viewpoint should have a platform' after having written 'in support of Faurisson', and that I have 'dissociated [myself] from the version of history being defended.' To clarify my position, I wrote in support of Faurisson's civil rights, not his views, in reaction to protest that arose in France over an innocuous civil rights petition, the contents of which were seriously misrepresented. I did not retire to this position, but began and ended with it.

I agree with the comment of Professor Alfred Grosser of the *Institut d'études politiques* that it is 'shocking that M. Faurisson should be prohibited from teaching French literature at the University of Lyons on the pretext that his security cannot be guaranteed', and do not accept the idea that the state should determine official truth in a court trial for falsification of history; we do not need a new inquisition. As to whether Faurisson's viewpoints (or others) should have a platform, I do not believe that he should be prevented from expressing his views by force, nor that the *New Statesman* is obliged to provide him a platform.

As for dissociating myself from his views, I have simply reiterated my own conclusion, published long before this affair erupted, that the holocaust is 'the most fantastic outburst of collective insanity in human history', irrelevant to the matter of defence of his rights, and that it is precisely in the case of views that are almost universally regarded as horrendous that the right of free expression must be most vigorously defended. I do not regard these as controversial positions, though obviously others do.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA, USA

From Bruce Page
I remain unconvinced by Prof. Chomsky's arguments in this matter. But instead of commenting on the above letter, I'd rather take the occasion in June, when the French courts hear the case, to respond to Prof. Chomsky's much more comprehensive article on the 'Faurisson affair' in *The Nation* of 28 February. My essay will be jointly published at that time in the *NS* and *The Nation* of New York City.
New Statesman

Workers' Co-ops

From Dr Peter M. Slowe
I am employed by the Co-operative Development Agency and was therefore interested to read Patrick Wintour's article ('Labour in co-op plan row', *NS* 17 April).

Mr Wintour puts a lot of faith in local co-operative development groups. In fact there are only about six of these (not 40 as he claimed) who are at all active. They are self-appointed and represent no one. They often contain volunteers of goodwill but they have not played a significant part in forming a single successful co-operative. Their collective resources should be mobilised by a central body, such as the Co-operative Development Agency, but even this would not make an effective force.

The central government's Co-operative Development Agency by contrast has revealed new potential for co-operatives by helping to develop new marketing co-operatives and neighbourhood co-operatives in sectors of the economy where the co-operatives can create jobs and opportunities which other business cannot. In addition, a good deal of advice and assistance has been given to worker co-operatives which in several cases would have failed without the help of the Co-operative Development Agency. So much for Mr Wintour's quango-bashing.

Mr Wintour explains that trade unions are unenthusiastic about worker co-operatives. Of course they are. Co-operatives introduced haphazardly on a large scale would undermine the very environment in which trade unions have been able to make advances for working people. It would be quite wrong for socialists to propose a wholesale introduction of worker co-operatives in a short time without clarifying the role of trade unions. The very low wages which workers in co-operatives often pay themselves are an indication of the need not to undermine trade unionism by suddenly introducing large-scale worker co-operatives into the economy.
54 Elsworthy Road, London NW3

Legal, decent, honest . . .

From Peter Sissons & Paul McKee, Independent Television News Ltd
We are indebted to Greg Philo for the most revealing account yet of the nature of the work the Glasgow Media Group are engaged in. It is quite plain from his reply (*NS* 17 April) that he and his colleagues are involved not with research, but with polemic. We are accused of not being 'real researchers', 'digging up examples', having a 'media hit list', and living 'in such a private world'. We leave impartial observers to judge for themselves how sensitive a spot ITN has touched in rebutting his allegations.

Nowhere in his reply does Mr Philo answer our central point — and for the record here it is again; namely that the statements they have made regarding inaccuracy, lack of balance and bias in respect of ITN's coverage of Labour Party affairs were not supported by the evidence they adduced. The sweeping allegations which they made (*NS* 23 January) were based upon a study of three weeks' coverage from which they analysed the treatment of three issues which amounted to less than 10 per cent of ITN's coverage of Labour Party affairs during that time. By inference the other 90 per cent did not exist. The so called 'typical' examples which they quoted we showed to be either selectively abridged or at variance with counter examples which were conveniently ignored.

Mr Philo writes: 'It is absurd to suggest that we (i.e. the GMG) simply pick out the bits we fancy'. We would suggest to Mr Philo that it's as plain as a pikestaff that that is what has been done. For a start the Glasgow Media Group admit that they weren't interested in *News at One* — even though it accounts for over 30 per cent of ITN's output, and is a distinctive and widely watched programme in its own right.

What we are saying is that by moving with such ease from the proposition 'some selected parts of x are biased', which we anyway dispute, to the assertion 'therefore all x is biased', the GMG tell us nothing about the nature of bias, but a great deal about the weakness of their methodology. It's this failure to be objective which we, in common with others, find disturbing in an academic contributor.

Mr Philo repeats his scoreboard for the number of references to 'illicit' and 'undemocratic' behaviour by one side of the Labour Party against another but without noting the logic of his implication that TV news should refrain from reporting adverse comments by one side against another if the other side isn't obliging by making some equally strong comments in return. A further point, Mr Philo implies that ITN never gives coverage to criticism of its work. He should know from his studies that that is simply not the case.
ITN House, 48 Wells Street, London W1

From Kenneth Brazier, Editor, BBC External Services News
In your 10th April edition your correspondent Bertha Williams recalls Tony Benn's announcement of his decision to stand for the Deputy Labour leadership in the early hours of 2nd April and refers to the fact that the news was broadcast in the BBC World Service soon afterwards with comment, described as critical, from some Labour MPs. She further implies that it was unlikely that Labour MPs would be available to comment at 4 a.m.

The facts are that Tony Benn's announcement was made during the all-night sitting on the Telecommunications Bill. Not only were Labour MPs available but, having got wind of Tony Benn's intention, 26 of them actually produced their comment, in unequivocal terms, ahead of his announcement, in an attempt to pre-empt it. A BBC political correspondent was on hand to record these events and did so quite properly. Your correspondent appears to think BBC staff are not 'qualified' to describe the opinions of MPs because they are not themselves elected. The logical extension of that view is that no correspondent, BBC or otherwise, is qualified to describe or record the statements of MPs because they are not elected. That is incomprehensible.
Bush House, Strand, London WC2

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Stephen Brook on the ideas, conventions, beliefs and attitudes which have affected architecture

Image influencing image

THE TITLE of Professor Rykwert's new book may lead one to imagine it is a history of 18th-century architecture. Instead it is much more complex: a study of the intellectual background to the architectural movements and developments of that century. The reader seeking a simple, straightforward guide to the great European buildings of the 1700s will be in for a disappointment. Some major buildings are indeed discussed, but as, say, a manifestation of Jansenist ideas about neoclassicism rather than as aesthetic objects.

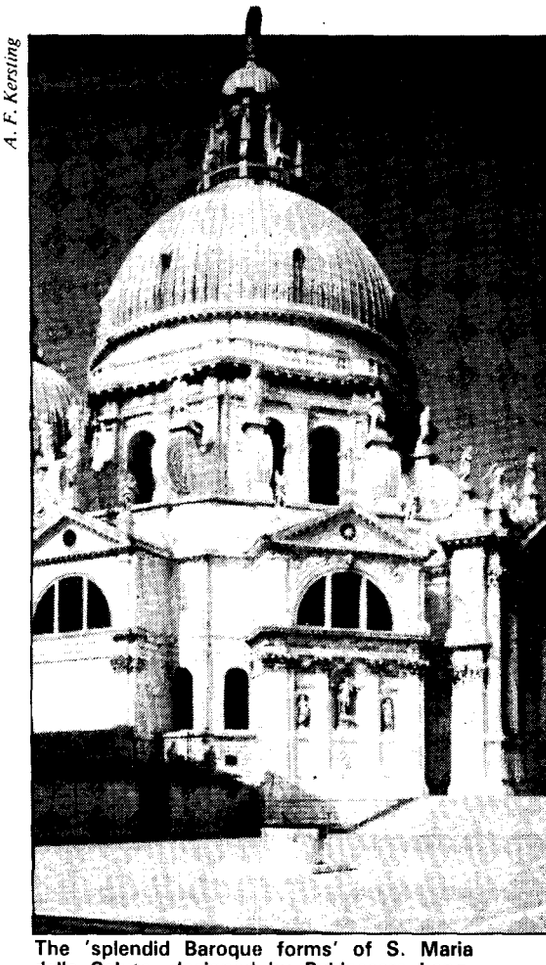
Those familiar with Joseph Rykwert's earlier books, such as *On Adam's House in Paradise,* will not be surprised by this. *The First Moderns* is a notable achievement, ambitious and wide-ranging, for what Rykwert has given us is a map of the intellectual relationships that imprinted architectural practice from about 1650 to the last decades of the 18th century. The topography is varied, and includes Grandjean's typography, chinoiserie, freemasonry, the excavation of Pompeii, Roman firework displays, John Dee's library, and grottos. If this seems confusing — well, it is. Rykwert is difficult to read, not because his style is obfuscatory (on the contrary, it is clear and precise) but because he is an allusive writer who assumes that his audience already commands much information.

These intellectual relationships are easy to suggest but hard to pin down. Questions of influence are particularly difficult to resolve: Rykwert will show why it seems probable that architect X was familiar with the theoretical writings of architect Y, but it is harder to demonstrate that X's architectural achievements were direct products of that familiarity. Rykwert usually seems aware of this, so the book's suggestiveness is stimulating even when at its most tentative.

At the same time, Rykwert's method is fundamentally irritating. For all the fascination of certain sections of the book, he leaves us with innumerable loose threads. He flashes his torch up alluring dark alleys of the history of ideas, and just as we begin to perceive what he is trying to illuminate, the torch swings abruptly in another direction. Chapter 6, for instance, opens with a discussion of how the change in taste established by Palladio in Italy moved northwards to France and England, where the new learning was expounded by John Dee. Rykwert wonders how well Inigo Jones knew Dee and Robert Fludd, and then, suddenly, moves on to consider freemasonry and the chivalric revival of the 1640s. Some of the early freemasons are shown to have been founder members of the Royal Society — as was Christopher Wren, whose plans for the rebuilding of London are next discussed. This leads to a section on Newton and other contemporary scientists with a keen interest in alchemy. Their way of thinking was challenged by the likes of Burlington and Colin Campbell, and Rykwert is off and running in that direction.

Of course there is a thread that links all this: the enduring influence of hermetic philosophies, rooted in alchemy and the obscurities of neo-Platonism, and the reaction against them. Yet one can't help feeling that this theme is also acting as a kind of flypaper to which any passing notion can be persuaded to stick. Professor Rykwert, as well as his readers, is occasionally overwhelmed by the fecundity of his erudition. In this chapter he breaks some new ground in establishing links between the classicism of the 17th century and hermeticism, but, like Dame Frances Yates, he seems too ready to uncover a vast international intellectual network on the basis of what appears to be selective and sometimes slender evidence,

THIS learning is, however diffusely, at the service of the book's central theme: the birth of European neoclassicism, which, by applying the principles of Greek and Roman building with a new severity, purified European architecture of Baroque excesses. It chronicles the many battles of style that raged after 1650, especially that between the 'ancients' and 'moderns' (though classicists all) in France. The book's hero is Claude Perrault, physician and architect, who criticised traditional classical-inspired rules, undermining the notion that the proportions of a building are 'certain and invariable'. Rykwert discusses in detail Perrault's notions of 'positive' and 'arbitrary' beauty — what is a matter of rule and what is a matter of taste.



A. F. Kersting

The 'splendid Baroque forms' of S. Maria della Salute, designed by Baldassare Longhena, Venice's greatest native architect.

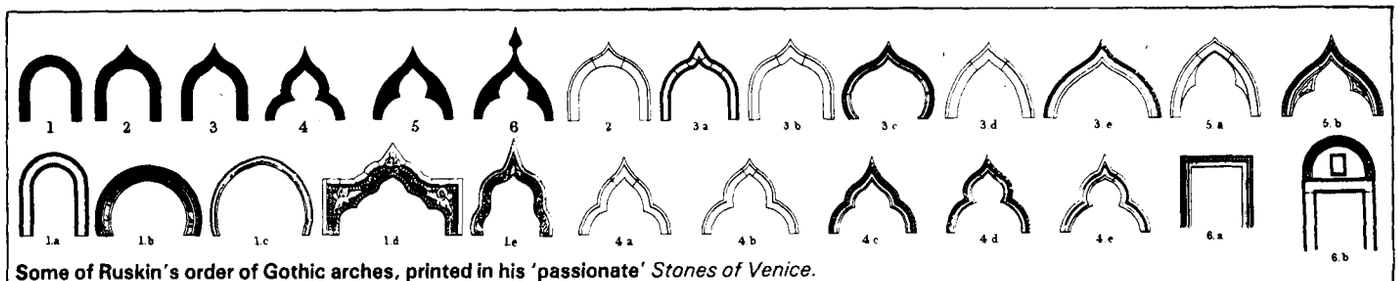
Around such issues did the theoretical disputes of the age revolve. It is remarkable to see how many changes could be rung on the theme of 'correctness', an idea which in any case must strike us as remote.

One of the fascinations of the book is that Rykwert shows not simply how ideas were pollinated by the intellectuals of the day, but how the practice of artists and architects was a continuous commentary on the works of their predecessors. In one delightful example, Rykwert illustrates Fuga's chaste coffee-house in the gardens of the Quirinal Palace in Rome. Then he reproduces Panini's painting of the building, in which the artist redesigns the structure to provide a more theatrical backdrop to the papal occasion which is in the foreground of the picture. *The First Moderns* is full of such juxtapositions and they breathe life into the ideas with which Rykwert is grappling.

As one might expect, *The First Moderns* is expensive, but it seems unnecessarily lavish. Notes, bibliography and index, printed just one type size smaller than the text, occupy no fewer than 231 pages out of 584. A photo on p.64 is duplicated on p.278, and one on p.278 reappears on p.344. Capriciously, in view of these duplications, in a long and

The First Moderns: The Architects of the Eighteenth Century by JOSEPH RYKWERT *MIT Press* £27.50

The Architectural History of Venice by DEBORAH HOWARD *Batsford* £15



Some of Ruskin's order of Gothic arches, printed in his 'passionate' *Stones of Venice.*

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absorbing section of Piranesi's *Carceri* there is no illustration of these great prints; instead the text is accompanied by photos of sculpture that is not mentioned until 70 pages later. The reader's job is made no easier by the failure to key illustrations in the text. Rykert's fertile disorganisation is mirrored by the object which contains it.

ARRIVING in Venice for the first time, Robert Benchley cabled home to his newspaper: STREETS FULL OF WATER. ADVISE. It is a shock every visitor to Venice must register on observing a largely medieval city spread over, and now slowly sinking into, the islands of the Venetian lagoon. Not only because of its ecological oddity, but as a result of its pivotal geographical location, Venice became a meeting ground of Gothic, Islamic and Byzantine cultures, which is why its architecture is unique. Its styles (especially the near ogival Venetian Gothic Arches) and the layout of its buildings are peculiar to Venice alone. Palaces required access from canal as well as from land, and interior light, in a densely crowded city, was hard to come by: hence the unusual floor plans of most Venetian houses. Furthermore, its 1100-year existence as a republic reinforced its sense of identity (the population in 1300 was the same as in 1969), which resulted in an almost fossilised notion of its own style.

Deborah Howard compresses into a relatively short book a full account of the city's architecture from the earliest settlements on Torcello up to our own century's undistinguished contributions. The job is extremely well done. The purpose is information rather than commentary, and Dr Howard is thoroughly aware that the history of architecture cannot be divorced from such other matters as demography, religion, politics, ecology, and economics. Because of Venice's geographical and political isolation, its buildings cannot simply be seen in aesthetic terms. The extraordinary physical properties of the city displayed both how it conceived of itself and how it wished to be seen by the world outside. The Piazzetta is designed so that the visitor arriving by sea (the usual way until the 19th century) would gain an immediate impression of the grandeur of Venice.

Venice is rich in ecclesiastical architecture from a variety of historical periods, and Dr Howard does not ignore their qualities as aesthetic objects. Her architectural account of the major churches is clear and helpful, and she is especially good at showing, for instance, how the affirmations of the Counter Reformation affected notions about the building and function of churches. The splendid Baroque forms of Longhena's S. Maria della Salute were largely determined by theological and ritual considerations. Dr Howard gives equal attention to civic buildings and to private palaces, whose forms evolved rapidly and remained stable over many centuries. *The Architectural History of Venice* is generously illustrated, with plans and engravings as well as photographs. Although it is not a guide book, it is very much intended for the general reader. Ruskin's passionate *Stones of Venice* may never be superseded, but Deborah Howard's book is a most useful introduction to this inexhaustible city.

A.J.P. Taylor

Playing it by the rules

The Nature of War by JOHN KEEGAN & JOSEPH DARRACOTT *Cape* £15

This is an odd book. Everything about it is admirable except its weight which makes one cry out for a lectern such as used to grace cultured libraries. Once the weight is somehow overcome, the reader discovers that he is faced with at least two books of different character. The first and most substantial is a picture book about war from its earliest manifestations to the present day. A bison from Altamira rubs shoulders with a monster tank, and prehistoric savages in war paint are eclipsed by contemporary generals and admirals. There are crude battle diagrams by the Japanese, reproductions of resplendent oil paintings from the Renaissance to the 19th century, and war photographs by skilful modern executants. The individual illustrations are indeed striking but there are too many of them for my taste. Also it is difficult to adjust one's capacity for absorption from a whole-page spread to illustrations the size of a cigarette card. Publishers have an inveterate belief that illustrated books are likely to be best sellers. I do not share this belief though I have once in a while been induced to provide texts for picture books, not very happily. The occasional illustration is, of course, a different matter.

Almost swamped by the lavish array of pictures here runs a text of considerable interest, commenting on war, that strange human institution, from different angles. This text is well worth reading even if its relation to the illustrations is not altogether apparent. The theme of war is divided into topics, not into chronological periods, thus obscuring the principle that in history things happen in order of time. There is also the disadvantage that the different chapters tend to run over the same ground and often overlap.

Being myself literate I could have done with more reading matter and fewer pictures. This is no doubt an obsolescent taste.

THE OUTSTANDING feature of war is its universality in human society. Sex is, of course, equally universal but there are obvious reasons for that whereas there are no obvious reasons for war other than Original Sin. The features of war common to ancient and modern man go further. One is an insistence on dressing up, usually in bright colours. There is not much to distinguish war paint from the full-dress uniform of a general or admiral. Until recently even the other ranks wore scarlet and polished their boots and buttons. Was this display intended to frighten the enemy, to inspire the combatants or merely to assert that fighting men were superior to all other citizens as they still are except in China? To a rational mind there is something absurd in dressing up flamboyantly in order to kill other people.

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Presumably the uniforms are gaudy as a concealment of their absurdity. The contemporary fashion is for mechanics' overalls instead of scarlet tunics. But the overalls have developed a romantic character of their own.

The second universal feature of war lies in the distinction it confers on its participants, particularly if they are successful. The ancient Emperors from Sennacherib to Alexander were successful conquerors. The Roman Emperors were literally elevated on the shields of their soldiers. In more modern times Emperors and Kings, statesmen and administrators won fame by their achievements in war. Which are the most famous names in modern British history? Cromwell, Marlborough, the elder Pitt, Nelson and Wellington, Winston Churchill — all primarily fighting men. But there is a strange twist of fate. The fighting men from the Assyrians to the Americans, though owing their fame to war, had to learn the arts of domestic government, a strange world for them. Why should it be supposed that experience in war qualifies for rule in peace time? There is, I suppose, a capacity to command even if the commands are mistaken. But many generals are meagrely supplied even with this capacity.

Right to the present day dictators are usually soldiers, though nowadays sometimes corporals instead of generals. Democracies are less enthusiastic for military rule, presumably because they scent a dictator lurking within every general, as Carlyle exhorted Sir Garnet Wolseley to emulate Cromwell and turn out Parliament. Constitutional monarchy is a safeguard against military rule. Veneration for the constitutional monarch makes glittering uniforms innocuous which is no doubt why constitutional royalties wear them so often. George II is reputed to have commanded at Dettingen, but William III was the last British monarch effectively to wage war in person. However, the Duke of Gloucester was briefly evoked in the crisis of the Second World War.

The nature of war has remained unchanged throughout human history: organised murder between two or more groups of men. But the manifestations of war have been modified by what is laughably called the advance of civilisation. 'Rules of war' have been elaborated in an effort to domesticate war. There are rules for how wars should begin — an exchange of ultimatums, formal declarations of war and so on. There are also rules for how wars should end — request for an armistice, agreement on armistice terms, negotiations for peace, signature of peace treaty. These rules applied only to war between 'civilised' states: coloured peoples and for that matter rebellious people such as Jacobins and Bolsheviks did not qualify. All the same the efforts made from the 17th to the 20th century to regulate war deserve some tribute. Or would it have been better to deter war by making it as savage as possible? Few people have consciously considered this alternative but it is the option the contemporary world has chosen.

THE PRESENT authors are taken aback by this conclusion. They have loyally chronicled the steady civilising of war during the last few centuries. Suddenly they discover that mankind has gone off on the other track. The Second World War displayed all the acts of savagery that had seemed discarded. At first sight Nazi Germany won the competition in barbarism, beginning a war against Russia without declaring it and on the eastern front murdering prisoners of war and helpless civilians to a total of between eight and fifteen millions. But the record of the Allies was not spotless. If there is one act banned by laws of war, it is the deliberate slaughter of civilians, and leaders like Cromwell who authorised such slaughter have been universally condemned. In the Second World War statesmen, scientists, ministers of the gospel, to say nothing of Air Marshals, applauded the indiscriminate slaughter of German civilians and even justified this as a legitimate operation of war. Unconditional surrender was also a reversion to barbarism applauded almost unanimously by British and American opinion, myself included.

Has the civilising of war gone for good? It seems so. The present authors accept, no doubt with regret, the current view that all civilians are now legitimate targets. They also accept that contemporary weapons will destroy not thousands nor even hundreds of thousands but many millions. They have found a solution of despair.

> The greatest of the industrial nations, now known as super-powers, contemplated each other. . . in the awful knowledge that the ultimate of weapons obliged an agreement never to fight battles again.

This is that antiquated device, the deterrent, fruitful cause of many wars in the past and not likely to have lost its fertility. □

Among this week's contributors:

WILLIAM BOYD's novel *A Good Man In Africa* was published by Hamish Hamilton earlier this year.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE is working on a study of 20th century drama, to be published next spring by Heinemann and Pan.

BILL BUFORD is editor of *Granta*.

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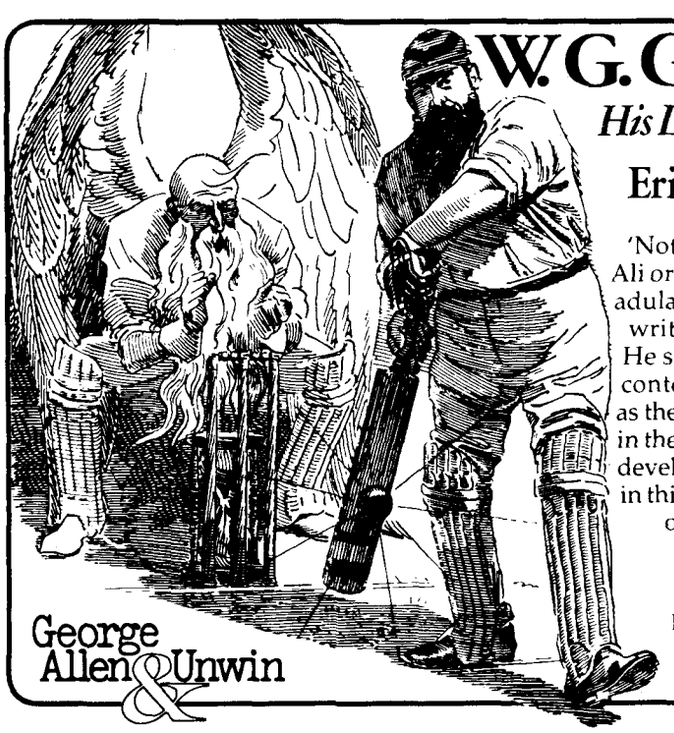

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James Campbell

New names in an old tradition

In Anger: Culture in the Cold War 1945-60
by ROBERT HEWISON *Weidenfeld* £9.95

If Robert Hewison is ever asked to define a horse, I will not be surprised to hear him answering thus: 'Quadruped. Gramnivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring.' His cultural history of the first period of the Cold War has a precision similar to Mr Gradgrind's approved summary. Armed to the teeth with a card index he has stormed and pillaged the arts pages of the influential periodicals of the time and come away with an abundance of apposite quotation. The trick might have been to know when to stop using it and get on with the discussion, but Mr Hewison never really lets go. The overpowering smell emanating from the pages of this book is that of old newsprint.

In Anger is well shaped. It begins with a brief account of Edmund Wilson's feelings after attending a London literary party in 1945:

> What seemed to him odd was that the vigorous, middle-class writers of the Edwardian age — Bennett, Shaw, Wells — who had in the main not been educated first at a public school and then at Oxford or Cambridge had been succeeded by a generation which shared an attitude strongly influenced by these institutions.

The mood of debilitating reaction prevailed until 1956 — Mr Hewison's 'climacteric' — the year of *Look Back in Anger,* Colin Wilson's *The Outsider,* the challenge of the Movement and the notion of an angry young man. It was also the year when Abstract Expressionism was first given serious attention in this country and marked the start of a long series of exhibitions by British abstractionists such as Patrick Heron, Peter Lanyon and William Scott.

The curious feature of this revolution is the refusal, at least where writers are concerned, to experiment with new forms being tested on the Continent and in America. In *Horizon* Anna Kavan wrote: 'One might expect preference to go to new names and experimental forms appropriate to the inchoate fluidity of a time when culture as previously known is almost certainly ending.' This was in 1946 and Kavan was complaining about the exclusion of new writers in favour of reprinting dead ones, but ten years later the statement could quite easily have stood in a different context. It took only a few years for these angry young men to be derided by their American counterparts as 'new Victorians', more for their aesthetic than for their social attitudes. Hewison comments that 'it was not surprising that the new novelists of the 1950s should be so resolutely unexperimental'. Why ever not? Because 'it was unlikely that they would be published' otherwise. Clearly this is not an adequate attempt to explain why novelists choose to experiment in writing: if it were so then Joyce, Beckett, Faulkner and a thousand others would never have started.

Publishers did have a part to play in the reactionary post-war mood, however. In addition to the reprints which Kavan complained of there was also a stream of memoirs, with which publishers filled their vacant lists instead of encouraging younger writers to work on novels about the war. While American readers were rushing to buy *The Naked and the Dead,* in this country paper was being hoarded to meet the demand for Churchill's account of it as seen from highest office. The little magazines fared badly too. In 1947 the Ministry of Power decided that the periodical press was not essential and for a fortnight nothing at all was published; hardly any new literary magazines began and the best of the existing ones died. In the early Fifties *Encounter* and the *London Magazine* were founded. Mr Hewison adjudges the latter (then edited by John Lehmann) to be 'worthy and a little dull', while the former, he says, 'was born middle-aged'. In a study of culture during the Cold War it would have been worth sacrificing a few lengthy quotations from the *Spectator* to leave room for a discussion of the effects on editorial policy and readership of the CIA's funding of *Encounter* which came to light in 1966 but had been going on for some time before.

IN A SIMILAR vein, Mr Hewison might have followed up an article which appeared in the American magazine *Artforum* in 1974 under the heading, 'Abstract Expressionism, Weapon of the Cold War', which attempted to show how the CIA was active in 'the cold war cultural offensive'. Such propagandist activity, if it could be proved to have taken place, could have special relevance for British art, as Patrick Heron (who cited the above article) tried to show in his three long pieces in the *Guardian* in October 1974.

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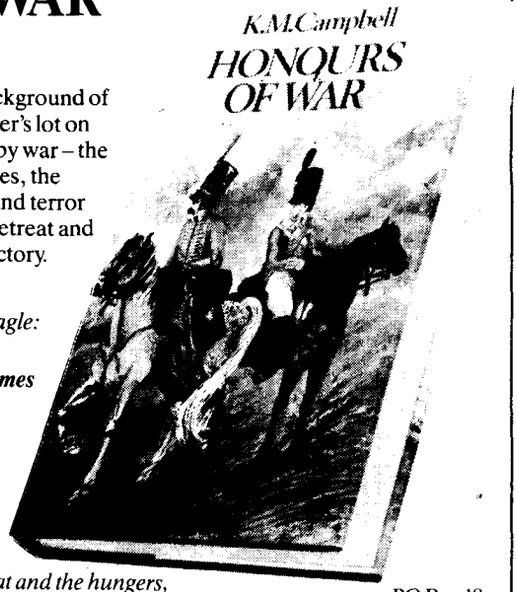

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University of California Press
Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W.1.

Heron's articles — totally ignored by Robert Hewison — attempted to overturn the accepted idea that British abstractionists borrowed their styles from American predecessors, and the author went to considerable trouble to prove that Lanyon, Scott, Davie and others had evolved mature styles before they could have had a chance to see the American painters they are supposed to have copied. Totally convincing or not, Heron's articles deserve serious attention from historians of the period.

Painters such as Heron and Scott are unusual in making the effort to extend modernism: in general, the conservatism of the Fifties continued to dominate art in Britain throughout the next decade. In 1970 Philip Larkin, first quoting Benny Green, wrote in the introduction to *All That Jazz:*

> 'After Parker you had to be something of a musician to follow the best jazz of the day.' Of course! After Picasso! After Pound! There could hardly be a conciser summary of what I don't believe about art.

So, serious experimentation having been stamped on, audiences seeking an alternative to Pound *and* Larkin are forced to stoop lower and lower in the hope of finding it; the most popular poetic movement of the Sixties was the Liverpool Poets, which is what happens when efforts to 'make it new' are ignored or thought eccentric. □

FICTION 1

Gillian Wilce

Fiction and the railway public

A Bonfire by PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON *Macmillan* £5.95
A Stone Throw by PETER DE POLNAY *Piatkus Book* £5.95
Goodbye, Janette by HAROLD ROBBINS *New English Library* £6.95
Amateur Passions by LORNA TRACY *Virago* £7.95 & £3.50
Congo by MICHAEL CRICHTON *Allen Lane* £6.95

This week's new Gore Vidal having been hived off elsewhere (watch this space) and the Rushdie dealt with separately, there remains an oddly assorted clutch of novels. None is wholly satisfactory, none to be read at all costs, but the interesting thing is that most of them will probably sell extremely well.

It's not hard to see why in the case of Pamela Hansford Johnson. Already widely praised, *A Bonfire* does possess those qualities noted by others — a modest style conveying an honest perception of the way things were in the Twenties and Thirties. This much-remarked-upon feel for period is perhaps not as impressive as the psychological accuracy. After all, it has been possible much more recently for a young woman to feel the same half-real fear of the eternal bonfire at the end of the primrose path of sexual self-indulgence that lurks in Emma's consciousness during the three marriages and one one-night stand which occupy her up to age 26. The fondness, irritations

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and fluctuations of influence between mother and daughter are also faithfully reflected. Life is about making do. Money has to be earned, accommodation sought, envelopes addressed for the Labour Party. A more complete world is mirrored here than the slimness of the book might suggest. The craftsmanship can't be faulted, and yet . . . And yet dissatisfaction lingers. It is a good train read (and, goodness knows, quality entertainment isn't to be sneezed at) but this reviewer anyway, recognising it all so well, longed for just a little fresh illumination.

This was not to be found in *A Stone Throw* either. The latest from the much published, frequently lauded and presumably much read Peter de Polnay is a well-enough told tale for beguiling a short and tedious journey, but it's about as convincing as the average Mills & Boon. Whopping coincidences abound. Love-lorn antique dealer Philip Hayton, implored by admired mentor Paul not to take his wife from him, runs away to French village. Here he is given an Englishman's war-time diaries to read; casually enquiring later if name of character who betrayed diary-writer to Gestapo is known, finds traitor to be — Paul. Meantime has been busy falling in love with daughter of woman who owns the diaries and finds in last chapter, surprise, surprise, that daughter is actually child of Englishman who wrote diaries. In spite of the torture scenes, the book remains wholly bland. One can understand the sales, but not the acclaim.

Harold Robbins has seldom, if ever, been critically praised but is no doubt read by more people on more trains than all the rest of this week's authors put together. The question is why. Any hopes of finding an answer which isn't totally depressing (and incidentally avoiding charges of highbrow sneeryness) are instantly dissipated by this mechanical, wind-up fiction. There's no style here, no character, only the close-packed incident of the everyday life of *haute couture* folk — the daily round of beating and rape and buggery and murder. One can only conclude that huge numbers of people enjoy fantasising about having enormous bank balances and enormous sexual organs and using both as instruments of violence.

BY THIS point in the week's reading any scrap of originality had become welcome. I have heard a theory that most lastingly worthwhile fiction is fuelled at least in part by anger. Lorna Tracy's stories tend to bear this out. These brief, often acid tales of failed relationships are the only things here which may bear another reading. They are very particular to their time and place, being about western women resentful of, but not free of, distorting masculine expectations. Bitterness is not all; there is wry self-awareness and humour, too, as in the wife's thoughts which wend their own tangential way through the male, academic conversation she endures. But it is the sharpness that rings refreshingly.

Michael Crichton's motive power seems to be fascination mixed with worry. His novels are not great fiction, but they do tell of new things. They deal, in a way too near at hand to be categorised as SF, with the possible effects of contemporary extensions of knowledge. *Terminal Man,* for instance, was both a thriller and a look at the uses of brain stimulation. *Congo* is an adventure story, lying somewhere between Rider Haggard and Fleming, in which cut-throat commercial rivalries take a small but not wholly intrepid band into deadly perils in the heart of Africa. But it is also about computer technology, mineralogy, cannibalism, the ecology of tropical rain forests and above all the capacity of apes to acquire a form of language. The most endearing character in the book is Amy the ape, dragged from her safe American trailer-lab where everyone understands her back to the jungle where stupid apes can't even answer her questions. This is another train read, not for coming back to, but a painless way of acquiring information — and there's a four-page bibliography to prove it.

FICTION 2

Bill Buford

Swallowing the whole world

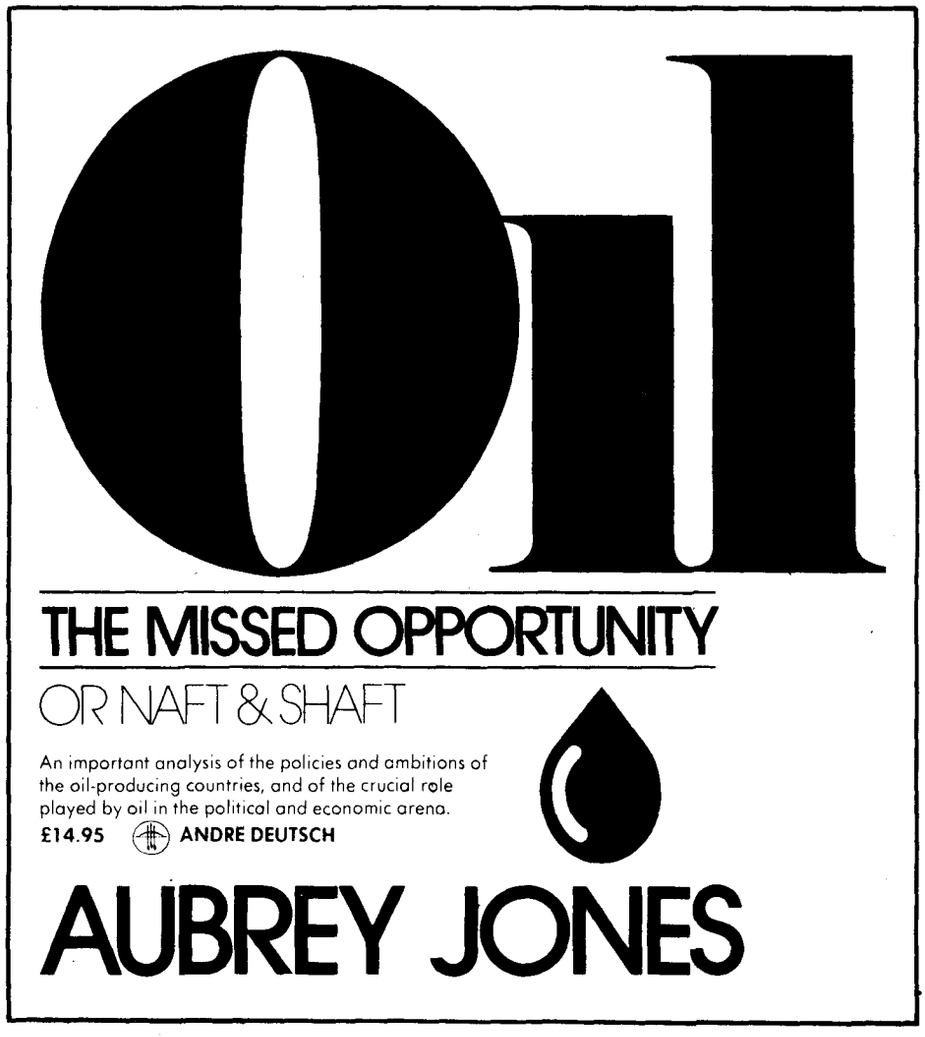
Midnight's Children by SALMAN RUSHDIE
Cape £6.95

This is not an easy book to talk about, if only because there is so much of it. Part comedy, romance, social history, and political polemic, Rushdie's novel doesn't play by the rules, and emerges as many times larger than the critical terms we might use to describe it. It is not a conventional novel: for its scope (the autobiography of an entire nation) and its sheer calorific weight, this big, swaggering book asks us to compare it with only certified masterpieces.

The novel is 'told' by Saleem (Snotnose) Sinai, who runs a Bombay pickle factory famous for an exotic, grasshopper green chutney, the powerful taste of which invokes dreams, paternal memories, and an irrepressible appetite. Saleem (the author-character) has withdrawn from society (as, for a great many years, the author-author must have done), supported only by the companionship of his illiterate Padma: thick, hairy, forever sexually aroused and forever smacking of dung.

Saleem is one of 581 magic children born during the first hour of India's independence, each of whom (conflating the eastern superstition and the western science of the emergent nation that is the youngest and oldest country) possesses a special gift: the power of flight, for instance, or transmutation or wizardry. Saleem's is the ability to see into the hearts and minds of men. 'See', however, is used figuratively, for the hearts and minds of men are accessible to Saleem through the faculty of his tremendous trunk — the Gargantuan banana that wiggles hysterically in the centre of his face — an olfactory display that allows him to smell everything from trouble to change to the outcome of sporting events.

Saleem's curse is to reflect the development of the nation whose birth coincides with his own, and his itinerant wanderings across the surface of India's troubles constitute a picaresque of political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despair. Saleem, that is, *lives* India and his life chronicles the movement from the euphoric celebration of independence to — via the 36-stone prostitute who alters her odour to match the smell of any man's dream — the dulled recognition of state repression. The novel ends with Mrs Gandhi's surgeons lopping off Saleem's testicles: the excision of optimism, the draining out of hope.

Rushdie, with his godly gift of the gab, is a garrulous story-teller who single-handedly returns the English language to the tradition of magic realism: that charmed line extending from Cervantes through Sterne to, most recently, Milan Kundera and Gabriel Marquez. Rushdie makes a special world, as if, in his determined linguistic frenzy, he inflates, like a balloon, a globe that does not match the one we occupy but actually seems to stand as an alternative to it. But not, importantly, as a replacement for it.

Literary fiction — from the quiet, psychological novel to the self-consuming artefacts of the French and American Sixties — is regularly characterised by its retreat from experience. The alternative, however, has always been defined by an ideology too confined to allow life to breathe within it — brilliantly parodied in Rushdie's Uncle Hanif, 'the only realistic writer working in the Bombay film industry', devoted to developing long scenes scrupulously detailing the formation of trade unions in a pickle factory ('This is a film about work, not kissing!!!').

Rushdie, instead, proceeds from his belief that 'to understand one life you have to swallow the world', and he writes a new kind of fiction of the highest order: magical, artistic, urgently political. Although he may sometimes bite off more than he can chew, his central point is clear: you cannot separate the individual from the environment. Saleem's curse — to be handcuffed to history — is everyone's. □

FILMS

John Coleman

Current affairs

Head Over Heels (A) *Screen on the Hill*
A Change of Seasons (AA) *Warner; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue and Edgware Road*
Sunday Daughters (AA) *Gate 2*
Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen (A) *Studio, Oxford Circus; Classic, Haymarket*

Starting without her: Mary Beth Hurt and John Heard in *Head Over Heels*

Both *Hester Street* and *Between the Lines* showed Joan Micklin Silver to be a highly accomplished and quietly bold director, adept with actors new to the screen, unafraid to celebrate the discreet charm of decency. What's more, she has a witty and ranging appreciation of the eccentricity in ordinariness. *Head Over Heels*, made two years ago and adapted by her from a novel by Ann Beattie, has agreeable John Heard (the ace reporter in *Between the Lines*) as Charles, a relaxed, 30-ish report analyst in Salt Lake City, strung taut with jealousy when he falls for small, confused Laura (Mary Beth Hurt, the boyish sister in Woody Allen's *Interiors*). Laura is married to one 'Ox', a very tall, dull ex-athlete and timber-house salesman with a kid from a previous marriage. During a period of trial separation from Ox, stepdaughter and her A-shaped home, she had had a brief, mostly merry affair with Charles, met at his office.

As the film opens, Charles still carries a flaring torch for her, now back with her family. He has other troubles of his own: a loopy mother, Clara (Gloria Grahame), given to suicide phone calls from her bath; a usually out-of-work pal Sam (Peter Riegert), who comes spongingly to stay; his secretary Betty (stoical Nora Heflin), who dogs him with ideas for 'dips' and hors-d'oeuvres after he has idly talked of having a small party; even his ultra-cool younger sister. 'Susan always seems to be happy and normal. She must know something,' he muses. The notion of the pursuit of happiness, peculiarly aggravated in America, is only one of several this guilefully composed tale gives a twist to, refreshes. As it emerges in flashbacks, the biggest bone of contention between Charles and Laura was his refusal to recognise what *she* insists on seeing as her 'ordinariness'. Beneath his smiling wooing and foolery, she kept running up against his need for total possession. Even an annual check-up with her gynaecologist found Charles inquisitorial. The intensity of his love was exhausting.

Without too much strain on our credulity, the director manages a happy ending, though, helped by the fact that the whole thrust of the occasion is towards warmth, gaiety, optimism. Charles's obsession with Laura is tamed into humour as he patiently makes a model of that A-shaped house, firmly putting a tiny Ox to bed with his head in a diminutive oven. There is a blind candy-stall owner who patiently sets the hero's ravings in perspective: 'You've been up all night. Always makes things look worse.' Crazy momma is cared for with splendid understanding by a rough-diamond second husband (Kenneth McMillan), who decides to take disco-dancing lessons with her. And a key-scene has Charles and Sam being whisperingly introduced to Laura by Ox as a pair of gay prospective clients, crucial because it runs a gamut of emotional tones with superb dexterity: from a prankster Charles shifts into a lover seriously declaring his intentions; subtler yet, from a dupe and buffoon, the husband suddenly transforms into a being of dignity. This chastening redistribution of our sympathies is perhaps Joan Micklin Silver's most magical gift.

RICHARD Lang's *A Change of Seasons*, with an often edgily good script by Erich Segal, Ronni Kern and Fred Segal, suffers most from an inability to make up its collective mind. Is it Neil Simon with a difference, real pain breaking through the smokescreen of wisecracks (I know *Simon* has tried to be Simon-with-a-difference once or twice lately, a fixed rictus replacing the shifty grin), or is it an authentic Forties marital mix-up comedy, that old-style sophisticated stuff, updated to the Eighties? Or is it something *sui generis*, its unyielding 'shock' ending about to usher in a new-minted and more honest style of sexual tragi-farce? The questions are rhetorical, though they should suggest the kind of mishmash it is. Excellently played by almost everyone, the would-be admonitory tale tells what happens when a goose decides that what's sauce for the gander will also do her nicely.

Adam (Anthony Hopkins deploying his best private staccato, with those odd breaks in delivery that 'personalise' his lines) is a college professor teaching English and having it off with one of his students, Lindsey (gorgeous Bo Derek). Karen (Shirley MacLaine), his wife for 21 years, calls this 'nailing a co-ed' and rapidly takes advantage of his absence with Lindsey in Montreal to get nailed herself, by a long-haired lanky charmer who comes to put up shelves. This Pete (Michael Brandon) is very wise for his years — in an appalling little scene later on he spills a sad, serious series of woes calculated to make anyone moody and 'wise' — and somehow contrives to cope with the incessant giggling that accompanies Miss MacLaine's erotic liberation. Adam is somewhat put out to discover his wife in Pete's shirt and little else on his return, as well as more shelves than he is ever likely to need, but manfully restricts his anger to referring to her lover as Godzilla and the like. This adult approach to adultery leads to the four of them ski-holidaying in Vermont together. As Karen neatly puts it, 'a

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family outing. Just you and me. And the two kids'.

The plot thickens as the middle-aged couple's daughter Kasey with a K (Mary Beth Hurt again, astonishingly different from that Laura) turns up with her own amorous problem and is properly scandalised at such permissive goings-on. It also sickens as a pop song beams out over Adam and Lindsey skiing as for a commercial; and as intimations of gravity beneath the skin-deep frivolity — that dire confessional of Pete's — leave us in a tonal tizzy. All very well for him to pronounce, 'The message is, there is no message'. Who knows, by now? A further complication arrives in the person of Lindsey's attractive bachelor dad, at first as affronted as young Kasey: 'I feel like a walk-on in a dirty movie,' he mouths. It was around here that I felt like a walk-out of a bad one, but stayed on your behalf. The conclusion, as mentioned, is predictably unexpected; and there *are* good, sharp lines. There are also too many lines like, 'I love you . . . I'm leaving'. Perhaps the worst of all, taking the prize for self-applauding *writtenness*, proceeds from Karen, seeing off Pete. 'Goodbye. I hope you find what you're running toward.'

Janos Rosza's *Sunday Daughters* is a grim, arresting stare at the days and nights of a group of reformatory girls in contemporary Hungary, soon concentrating on the plight of a mutinously wilful 16-year-old delinquent Juli (Julianna Nyako). I hope to return to this, which should be seen, and to *Manila* (Gate 3), which might well be, next week. Clive Donner's *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* is not so much an affront to the American Chinese community as to the human race. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Cut the cackle

The Merchant of Venice by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
La Claca *Riverside*
Private Dick by RICHARD MAHER & ROGER MICHELL *Lyric Studio, Hammersmith*

A few hundred yards from the northernmost curve of the Grand Canal is the area of Venice that gave the world the word 'ghetto'. Even today it boasts a synagogue, several distinctively Jewish shops, and recognisably Jewish names under the doorbells and on the tablet that commemorates the war-dead. It is a very quiet part of town, altogether an apt setting for Shylock's 'sober house'. You can readily imagine David Suchet, the latest actor to reincarnate the role, scuttling across the deserted piazza on his way south to swap goods and professional gossip at the Rialto, a stocky, restless figure in a skullcap and a long, black overcoat. The place looks as if it's altered little since 1890, which is roughly when John Barton's production occurs, and not a lot since Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant*, circa 1597.

Actually, Suchet's sobriety isn't instantly apparent from his behaviour to the importunate Christians. He cackles and whoops, jubilantly punning on 'water-rats' and 'pirates', as if he was auditioning for a comic part in *The Gondoliers*. But there's a give-away sharpness in the 'I will be assured I may' with which he makes the size and power of his credit evident, and something still more ominous in his delivery of 'let the forfeit be nominated for an equal pound of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleaseth me'. He rattles out the sentence in brisk, bureaucratic style, leaving the impression of a carefully-worded legal formula that has long been hardening in his mind; and, when the chance of revenge actually comes, his mottled face, clenched fist and baleful diction show clearly enough the capacities he's been concealing. He still laughs a great deal: in delight at Antonio's losses, in amusement at the obvious silliness of Portia's 'which is the merchant and which the Jew?', in contempt at the prevaricating Duke, in glee at his apparent triumph in the courtroom. But it's increasingly evident that laughter part-masks, part-expresses an awesome stock of bitterness and bile.

This is an unsentimental Shylock, but not an altogether unsympathetic one. When his persecutors turned missionaries, and proceeded to demand with menaces his instant conversion to Christianity, gasps of disbelief, distaste and distress eddied around the auditorium; and with good reason. Partly, this was sheer outrage at what nowadays strikes us as the play's most gruesomely anti-semitic incident. Partly, it was that, without noticeably distorting Shakespeare, Barton had subtly but insistently chipped away at the moral foundations of the Christian faction. For instance, when his Lorenzo said 'beshrew me, but I love her beauty', he was looking, not at the disappearing Jessica, but into the money-box she'd just brought him. But principally it was that Suchet's Shylock was formidable enough to command a respect edging into involuntary esteem. At the end he laughs again, this time in cynical admiration of his enemies' bravura legalism, then wryly throws aside his skullcap, and clambers from his knees to his feet, refusing a helping hand and somehow managing to maintain his dignity; and when he goes, a tough old bull outmanoeuvred by smirking picadors, he leaves a shadow that invisibly clouds the rest of the evening, 'happy' ending and all.

This is the second time Barton has tackled *The Merchant* within three years, and experience tells, intelligence shows. Tom Wilkinson is an unsmiling, world-weary Antonio, a closet homosexual and, judging by the way he tries and fails to drink himself insensible in the courtroom, a seasoned toper; Judy Buxton is an unusually shrill, anguished Jessica, neurotically over-reacting to what admittedly seems a pretty loveless home-life; and Sinead Cusack is a passionate, sensitive Portia, unable to stop her shoulders slumping when she contemplates those three metallic sweepstake-tickets or her eyes leaking when she remembers that she herself is first prize, yet grittily determined to carry out her father's quaint marriage-plans to the letter. The sentient strength Miss Cusack establishes in these early scenes helps her enormously in the later ones; and, for once, it doesn't prove too difficult to believe in a romantic heroine who can shunt the Doge to the sidelines, dominate his court, and effortlessly unknot the problem that has reduced his mind to ducal jelly. I've seen tenderer Portias, and more exclusively tough ones; but never one so consistent and complete.

Those who admired La Claca's *Mori el Merma*, that Catalonian celebration of Franco's death, are likely to find its *antologia* of extracts from that and other shows a bit disappointing. Anger and bite have no time to make themselves felt, and the evening becomes a prolonged and usually playful demonstration of the company's puppeteering prowess, visually striking and little more. Those with a taste for Chandler, the LA decadent, should find plenty to amuse them 300 yards north, across the boundary between SW6 and W6. The evening stutters at first, then gathers wit and punch, and by the end has transformed itself into a splendidly accurate and not unexciting satire of all things Marlovian. Robert Powell plays the leery tec with a brooding eye, an uncurled lip, and a tongue that rattles out killer lines like silver bullets. □

TELEVISION

William Boyd

Duel in the sun

LIFE TRIES hard to pass itself off as Art, but, at crucial moments, Art gets left miles behind. This was nowhere so evident as in the assassination attempt on Reagan. The secret service agents were suitably musclebound, sartorially correct and sunglassed. When the shots came they produced all the right artillery but reality fouled everything up: nothing but chaos, mad shouting and panic. In the same way, every police documentary undermines the credibility of all the cop shows. In *The Miami Drugs War* (ITV) the special agents certainly looked the part — tanned, well-coiffed and invariably moustachioed — but the action was wrong. The bust was set up but it 'didn't go'. It was set up again, and again it 'didn't go'. We saw the dealer and the undercover agent masquerading as a dealer arguing amicably in a parking lot. The third attempt at a bust consisted of the dealer driving the disguised cops to his house where he kept all his dope. Suddenly dozens of armed cops in navy windcheaters materialised and barged through the door. There were some loud shouts, 'Up against the wall! We're Federal Agents!' Everybody complied and came quietly, there was no shoot-out. While his fingerprints were being taken the dealer told the lady cop who was doing this to be careful as he'd had an operation on his hand. 'Oh really? And how long ago was that?' she asked with a smile as she tenderly smeared his prints on the card.

The saddest people on the Miami drug scene turned out to be the body-packers. They fill condoms with up to a gram of cocaine, knotting them into little solid balloons the size and colour of black grapes. They then swallow up to one hundred and

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fifty of these and then 'pass' them later, after they've made it through customs. Unfortunately the condom balloons tend to rupture easily and the body packer often dies in an agony of what's called 'acute drug toxemia'.

However, *The Miami Drugs War* wasn't rebarbatively seedy, as most American villains who live by the sea are healthier looking than their urban counterparts. Americans in general certainly look more healthy than the British, an opinion David Hockney endorsed as he surveyed the inhabitants of Venice, Los Angeles in *Hockney at Work* (BBC 2). As the denizens of this appallingly hip and laid-back suburb thumped their bongo-drums or rollerskated about, swooping and jinking in time to the rock music fed to them via their headphones, Hockney remarked that Venice seemed to him 'a sunny naked version of the Portobello Road, but with more healthy people'. It was one of the many guilelessly trenchant remarks Hockney made during the course of the programme. The secret of his success as a commentator on his own paintings is his halting, plain-man 'don't know much about art but I know what I like' approach. But behind the ingenuous Bradford/Los Angeleno drawl his observations on painting and photography, on the importance of line drawing as a means of self discipline, were genuinely illuminating.

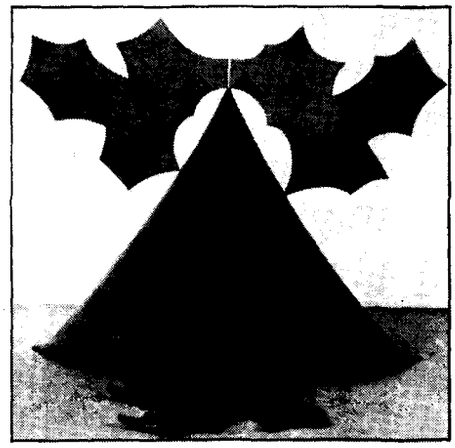
NIGEL WILLIAMS' first *Play for Today* 'Baby Talk' (BBC 1) was a fine and intelligent debut. A particularly effective, low-key device was the use of short discrete scenes which moved the play smoothly over its time scheme of several months, with no yawning gaps or 'three weeks later' captions. The play told the story of a middle-class couple — both journalists — who have a child. Almost immediately after birth the wife, Mary (Susan Littler), is unsettled by the idea of motherhood. She farms the child out first to the working-class girl next door (Tessa, played by Pauline Quirke) then further evades her 'responsibilities' by getting an au pair and eventually a smugly prim Scottish nanny. However, Mary is steadily sinking beneath a cargo of guilts and insecurities. When the nanny finally leaves, Mary is left alone with the child for almost the first time since it was born. When it inevitably begins to scream and cry she is totally unable to cope and in the end resorts to the only thing she can think of to get it to shut up. There was a marvellous performance of mounting tension and edgy neurosis from Susan Littler and also from Pauline Quirke as the simple Tessa. Williams had pared his dialogue to near Pinteresque simplicity. Skilful use of repetition underlined the emptiness in most of the exchanges and the almost total lack — or inversion — of meaning that can reside in the most familiar phrases.

Play for Today apart, most of the week's entertainment came from across the Atlantic. On *The South Bank Show* (ITV) Gore Vidal was in his usual tellingly urbane form in between dramatised extracts of his latest novel *Creation*. These starred Michael Hordern and Michael Kitchen as a couple of hoary *clochards* got up as an ancient Persian and an ancient Greek respectively. Vidal in the meantime had discovered a new prop: a pair of spectacles (sunglasses?) which he clutched in his right hand for the entire show, as if at any moment he was about to put them on. He never did, but he waved them about a lot and he certainly kept you guessing. In between wild and occasionally inaccurate generalisations Vidal talked his familiar sense. One example of each: first, novels 'were moral tracts designed to keep the workers in their place'; second, 'Don't write what you know, write what you imagine.' In the second half Malcolm Bradbury appeared to put the case for the non-realistic, post-modernist novel, but he was too judicious and kind, letting Vidal get away with a literary howler (about Barthes' *S/Z*) which, had the positions been reversed, Vidal would have pounced on, impaled and exhibited to the audience. It was good, nonetheless, to hear some intelligent talk about the novel, but we should have had some fireworks. □

Correction

The dates of the Edinburgh International Festival are 16 August to 5 September not, as given in last week's list of festivals, 22 August to 11 September. Users of the Arts Council's *Festivals in Great Britain 1981* might like to beware a similar error.

ART



John Spurling

Sculptural joke

Phillip King *Hayward*
Kenneth Draper *Warwick Arts Trust, 33 Warwick Square, London SW1*

'Sculpture is the one kind of art that really flaunts itself . . . it is there for no purpose . . . it's just there, taking up your space, your good space, it is an offence — I can understand that.' Phillip King's own work — the quotation is from an interview he gave in 1976 — takes up more space than most and flaunts itself with a self-assurance which might be offensive if it were not also humorous and exhilarating. The point is that it communicates its self-esteem to the spectator, so that he and the sculpture stand there collusively preening themselves, with no offence in the world. Both Anthony Caro, who was King's sculptural mentor, and Henry Moore, to whom King like Caro before him was an assistant, have the same communicative gift and it is perhaps, after all, just the English version of star quality.

King destroyed his earliest work, but one can see the gift already operating in one of the earliest and most modest pieces in this exhibition, *Drift* (1961), which is owned by Caro. A globule of crisp, white cement, propped at a slant on a kind of wooden easel, swells out over its own square-cut base. The associations of breast and drifted snow, of organic and geometric, of Arp and Corbusier-like architecture seem effortlessly combined, just as if you and the sculptor had conceived the idea at the same moment and he had obligingly translated it into substance before your very eyes. And then, as you look round the room, all sorts of other ideas strike you — a huge abstract version of Matisse's bright red dancers reeling round on a bright green slope, or a flyaway confection of blue streamers spreading out from a transparent half-cone striped orange and green, suggesting clouds and sunset, or a grand percussion group of steel gongs and struts painted a rich, pomegranate red — and there they are, run up in a flash for your delight, *Reel 1* (1969), *Twilight* (1962) and *Bali* (1977).

The element of humour is not really separable from the genial, expansive way in which King translates his ideas into material, form and space. Two oppositely tilted cones inside a third are like a nest of drunken Russian dolls; the pink outer skin of another cone called *Rosebud* is split in a narrow, curvaceous smile to reveal the green interior; a big commissioned work (represented here by its maquette and a photograph) for the European Patent Office in Munich comes tumbling down from an upper level to the ground in a series of elegant curving bumps, as if filing-cabinets had escaped from inside the sky-scraper and turned into acrobatic clowns.

In the mid-Seventies King began to abandon graceful, airy shapes and flamboyant colour in favour of massive, rugged constructions of slate, steel and wood, bolted, lashed or clamped together, suggesting not so much the primitive as the early industrial: shelters, capstans, counterweights. It takes a little time for the spectator to make this adjustment, to see the logical progression from leaning upwards and outwards to downwards and inwards, from a cone bursting symmetrically open (*Rosebud* or *Genghis Khan*) to chunks of rock awkwardly prevented from falling apart (*Ring Rock* or *Shiva's Rings*), from flight to imprisonment. The humour helps. Suddenly you lose your sense of being imposed upon, offered as it were Wagner for Verdi, and accept that nothing has changed but the idiom. A moment later you find yourself conniving with undiminished confidence in the invention of lugubrious trios for slabs of slate, baulks of elm and black, puritanical collars of steel.

But there are two pieces from the early Seventies which remain offensive, or at least irritatingly defensive. *Sculpture '71* is a vast table or plateau, roughly 20-feet square and 3-feet high, composed of flat sheets of steel painted dark purple around a hollow centre rimmed with wire mesh. *Open Bound* (1973) also encloses a hollow centre like a chicken-run with a low wall of wire mesh and wood; nearby, but outside the enclosure, stands a sort of rusty steel scarecrow. In both works the sense of exclusion from those inaccessible centres is powerful. This is sculpture

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taking up your good space with deliberately unappealing arrogance. Why did such a sophisticated performer make them? Surely to define the limits of his and perhaps contemporary sculpture's performance. You may ask for anything but a central image, a core to the cone. The centre is you yourself, the spectator, and if you look for any other hero or villain to wear the robes of Genghis Khan, the answer is a rusty scarecrow.

AS A STUDENT of painting in the early Sixties Kenneth Draper was taught to draw from life, isolating the model from its surroundings. He couldn't see it that way. More and more the room asserted itself and the model became a fleeting presence. He turned then to sculpture and his most characteristic idea is that of a black box, projecting itself forward into space, dissolving into its component frames, contained in another transparent box, or surrounded by broken spars. In *Ajanta Shadows* (1977) the box flattens into a kind of patchwork quilt of painted resin, ridged across the centre to suggest the presence underneath of some recumbent form. Recently Draper has made a series of highly-coloured pastel drawings, built up in small strokes, like impressionist sunsets. The attempt seems to be to return, after the great unpeeling process of Caro and King, to some sense of mystery and concealment. Draper's work is still rather tentative and his exhibition looks more like a prelude than a retrospective, but one piece at least, *Reflections on a Transient Meeting Place*, is a memorable, centralised image, a kind of casket for sacred relics. Sculpture, it reminds one, may be reticent as well as flaunting. □

ROCK MUSIC

Mark Kidel on new records

Come dancing

THE RETURN of the single — a phenomenon that reflects hard times as much as it does the growth of small independent record labels — has led to the release of a number of 'compilation' albums, almost invariably uneven collections of material from the multiple fringes that make up the present scene. The pattern was set back in the late '70s with excellent compilations from Stiff and Chiswick, introductions for the LP buyer to the pioneers of the singles revival. The independent singles have, in some ways, taken the place of demonstration tapes for they offer new bands an opportunity to be heard, and we, the public, are now involved in the selection process that was once the prerogative of the large companies' A & R departments. Many of the singles are a little rough, but there is a freshness here that is absent from better crafted material, and rock is, with few exceptions, better suited to the discipline of the three- to five-minute spot than it is to the length of an album.

The more recent compilations have provided the less well-informed listener with an avenue into a world that is rarely heard on the airwaves, except on John Peel's Radio One show every night. Rough Trade Records and the *New Musical Express* made a special offer, at the bargain price of £1.50, of an excellent compilation cassette *C81*, with just as many minutes of new and semi-new wave allsorts, from Ian Dury and Robert Wyatt to Scritti Politti and Furious Pig: all of the material on the cassette was previously unreleased, and while some of it supports the view that the avalanche of independently produced singles has brought with it a somewhat deadening mediocrity, there is also plenty to suggest that British rock is still a vital force.

The most original packaging idea — and it goes light-years beyond the coloured vinyl, limited editions and picture bags with which we are commonly induced to buy records — comes from the Bristol Recorder, with their publication (or release — depending on your point of view) of an album that includes a 20-page magazine. The Recorder is very much Bristol-based, with material on the album primarily drawn from the Avon area, including local new wave bands like the X-Certs and the Radicals, and three live tracks drawn from mixing desk cassette recordings of Peter Gabriel. Thanks to plenty of local advertising, the Recorder can sell their record/magazine for £2.50, and it is surprising that they are the first to have tried the idea out. The material in the magazine relates in part to the music, and there is a lenghty interview with Peter Gabriel.

Gabriel is one of the few rock musicians who have made totally creative use of the synthesiser. *Some Bizarre Album* (Bizarre BZLP 1) is a compilation from Bizarre, featuring a number of bands whose music is heavily coloured by the inevitably robotic associations that accompany the electronic keyboard: sounds that owe little to the pulse of the heart and the knife-edge of the human breath. This is 'futurist' music, and it conjures up a future of drug- or mass-rally-induced happiness, echoes of the metallic coolness of Kraftwerk's *Autobahn*, and the measured despair of Magazine. But those who are pressing the buttons are thankfully not all robots, and the collection includes some moments of excitement, rich and unusual textures, and even, at times, a little genuine emotion.

The New Age Steppers imply, by their name at least, a connection with the future. The sounds they produce are filtered and layered with echo, all of it thanks to sophisticated use of electronics, and they owe a major stylistic debt to dub, the extension of reggae most closely connected to Jamaica's culture of *ganja*, a labyrinth of cavernous resonances, cymbals that crash and ripple seemingly into infinity, and heavy bass notes that quiver relentlessly. Half of the Steppers are Slits, an all-women band that moved through dadaistic feminism into dub, reflecting the strong link between punk, the new wave and the wilder end of black music. The New Age Steppers' Album, *New Age Steppers* (OPU Records ONULP 1) hovers uneasily between a truly original style and the superior power of the real thing.

For the New Age Steppers, the dub inspiration is a tool for avant-garde exploration, as well as a statement of underground or outlaw status. For other British bands, the Jamaican sympathies have an altogether different tone: most of the bands on *Dance Craze* (Chrysalis CHR TT5004) — The Specials, The Beat, Bad Manners, Madness, The Selecter and The Bodysnatchers — share a love for ska and blue beat, and have used it to fashion a new British dance music, an antidote to dole queue blues and the despair that was designed to be stomped out of consciousness by the ritual pogo dances of the late Seventies. Today's dancing has lost the punkish fury and *Dance Craze* is the soundtrack of a film of the same name that chronicles the community that has grown up around these particular bands. It is mostly fairly mindless music, but it is energetic and fun. Apart from the Beat — who steal the show on the *C81* cassette described earlier — The Selecter are the most adventurous of the bands on the album, but their own LP (*Celebrate The Bullet*, Chrysalis CHR 1306) is a disappointing attempt at moving beyond the classic Two-Tone mould.

IT IS not just the hordes sporting pork-pie hats who would rather dance than think about unemployment and nuclear war: dancing is definitely 'in', and so is danceable music. The New York label Ze Records, now distributed here by Island, specialises in new funk and sophisticated disco. *Cristina* (Island ILPS 7004) features the music of August Darnell, and while it bounces along with great confidence and smoothness, it bears none of the *frisson* that accompanies the much wilder antics of James White and Contortions (*Buy*, Island 7002). White sings and plays sax as if he were the spiritual offspring of his darker hewed namesake and free-jazz pioneer Ornette Coleman. Every sound he makes is like a jab in the ear, all delivered to a beat that jumps neurotically along. The same frenzy characterises Defunkt (*Defunkt*, Hannibal Records HNBL1301) a band with a background in the Art Ensemble of Chicago, one of the best experimental jazz groups of the last decade. Defunkt are not an ordinary dance band, for they bridge the gap that has yawned uncomfortably between black popular and 'art' music. The result is startling, but so breathless that it is exhausting, with the hard edge of strong black coffee and amphetamines.

By far the most remarkable album of the last three months, for dancing as well as just listening, comes from David Byrne (of Talking Heads) and Brian Eno. *My Life in A Bush of Ghosts* (EG Records EGLP48) explores the unlikely but strangely appropriate meeting-point between jungle rhythms and electronics. The combination has within it the makings of a thousand gimmicks, but Byrne and Eno infuse it with real magic, breaking new musical ground. The vocals, all of them 'found' — extracts from phone-in shows, radio excorcisms and tracks from recordings of Islamic chants — have been used to great effect, woven into a rich fabric of sounds and cross-rhythms, each individual element built up, layer upon layer. The music works by association, repetition and inter-relationship, in great contrast to the hook-line and story-book format of conventional rock and pop: it is a music of tone, timbre, and nuance, working by slow seduction, the natural confluence of all the exciting work that Byrne and Eno have done over the last few years. □

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Weekend competition

No 2666 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Ladybird (publishers for small children) are to do a book on the Royal Wedding. Why can't kiddies read about other aspects of contemporary life? Let's have extracts of up to 120 words from Ladybird books on monetarism, the 'sus' law, El Salvador — or of course the royal family. By 15 May.

No 2663 Set by P. W. R. Foot

'Mrs Worthington' pieces of advice on keeping daughters away from professions.

Report By PC 49

The lads have always been keen to encourage recruitment among what the Super calls 'our female brethren' (he will have his little joke), so a dim view was taken of those entries which began 'Don't put your daughter in the force'. Several have been forwarded to the Director of Public Prosecutions. Don't get me wrong, I like a laugh as much as the next person, but, as I often say, *there are limits*. The rest of you behaved reasonably well; ten quid per winner would seem to be in order.

Don't put your daughter on the Street, Mrs
Worthington,
Don't put your daughter on the Street;
('The game', Mrs Worthington?
For shame, Mrs Worthington,
It's *Fleet* Street where she couldn't stand the
heat).
I wonder whether she knows
That she can't go in El Vino's
And drink up at the bar beside a bloke,
And as she likes her drappie
This would make her most unhappy,
And might even put the dear girl off her stroke.
All those Marjes, Jills and Jillies
I'm afraid give me the willies,
And they're the kind of people that she'd meet;
Hope, Mrs Worthington? Nope! Mrs
Worthington,
Don't put your daughter on the street.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Don't let your daughter run a pub, Mrs
Worthington,
Don't let your daughter run a pub:
From Mucky Duck to Ritz,
They'll talk about her titz
As if they were two tasty plates of grub.

Don't let her stand behind the bar, Mrs
Worthington,
Don't let her stand behind the bar:
They'll stand around and leer
When she's mopping up their beer,
To prove what pint-size little pricks they are.

Don't let your daughter pull that pump, Mrs
Worthington,
Don't let your daughter pull that pump:
She'll hear each day the same
Stupid cracks about her name
While their fumbling hands are reaching for her
rump.

BILL GREENWELL

Mrs Ffincham-Pettigrew, when advising daughter
Sue
On the work she ought to do
Pray beseech her
To eschew that sphere of strife where rebellion is
rife,
I'm alluding to the life
Of a teacher.
In a school she'll stand before kiddies sharp in
tooth and claw
Who'd have scant respect for your
Darling daughter.
If those fertile little Bs chose to put Sue on the
squeeze
They could scare her till her knees
Turned to water.
Her ambition to assuage, May I recommend that
you
Put your daughter on the stage
Mrs Ffincham-Pettigrew?

GERRY HAMILL

Don't put your daughter into space, Mrs Ogilvy!
Frankly, it's not at all her scene,
For the standard of behaviour is a far cry from
Belgravia
When one's cooped up in a countdown-
quarantine.

Don't let them blast her off the pad, Mrs Ogilvy!
Though it may mean domestic strife,
I honestly don't feel you can regard it as a *milieu*
Well-adapted to your daughter's way of life.

Don't risk consigning her to way-out technology;
What makes you think it's going to *work?*
She'll get raped by a computer — or, worse still,
be rendered neuter
By some radioactive laser gone berserk.

JIMMIE PEARSE

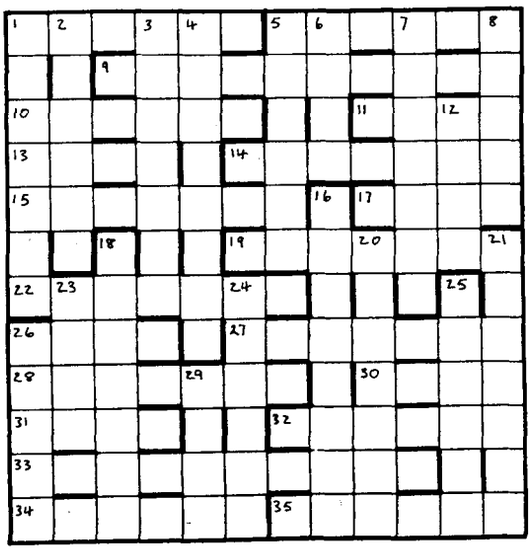
They tell me your Jean,
Who is barely fourteen,
Is thinking of writing a novel.
I gather the plot
Is concerned with a squat
In some verminous Kennington hovel.

And she's hoping to star in the movie,
With plenty of scenes in the buff.
I know there's a hunger
For girls who are younger,
And juvenile passion
Is now all the fashion —
They've drawn up a roster
Of talents to foster —
But isn't one Jody enough?

NAOMI MARKS

Salamanca: 41 'Hagley'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions, opened. Entries to Salamanca 41, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 12 May.



The clash in certain squares of letters in answers across and down is always produced by the same character which may, as the common denominator, be overruled to reveal one version of a quotation. (Chambers 1977 is recommended but does not give the proper names at 5 Across and Down & 26 Down.)

ACROSS

1 Foreign agent, possibly, and what he might have pinned (doubly) for description of some grass? (6)
5 On set, made up, hard lead he plays? (6)
9 Re-use a hoop for dressing in theatre (10)
10 Current, you see, as going before, this old dance (6)
11 A bloodhound perhaps providing leads to rogues and criminals' hideouts (4)
13 Rulers of waves in middle of deep see this? (4)
14 One *tipped* shoe sort? Not shod in this style (7)
15 Lovely Trojan getting involved with the male Paris (Greek) (7)
17 I frequent forest precipices in Turkey, what? (4)
19 Nasty hunter — describing one that's to dig up foxes? (7)
22 Excepting steeps made seas lose depth (7)
26 Have short repeating laugh (4)
27 A high point — it's difficult first time to jump over (7)
28 Gods made flesh from spirit by alien arts (7)
30 Lousy weather giving some cold and cough ailments (4)
31 English bowler, say, going round a bit of Scotland (4)
32 Your Aussie when spoken needs final translator to give it in English (6)
33 Worn instead of hats — when man's cold hats are no good (10)
34 Here's drunk inside a place of utter debauchery in daze once (6)
35 One of the arts of horsemanship requiring fellow to train awkward gee (6)

DOWN

1 Makes plans to include Salamanca in unconventional chess projects (7)
2 In the Listener, —'— articles and a crossword puzzle, say? (6)
3 Least warm positions? (Lacking ascent a planet has ice possibly) (7)
4 Orpheus's pit? Cover under earth for taking long vac in? (8)
5 Visitors to Germany may tour this one without pain (6)
6 Entrance of mine enthralled unlimited number — by implication, what were once on me? (4)
7 When you've taught in a modern way and brought up a long time, I'm still the last in my class! (4)
8 In no degree will snow herald end of winter! (5)
12 To pistol-whip an awkward fellow? (4)
16 Has petit version of a Bible translation (8)
18 Altho' one's uncomfortable under sun in India this is worn (2 words, 7)
20 Liar one's found out seen in a flap (7)
21 Little spot that's not soft-topped, note, but filled (7)
23 My nest's seen to be in shape of a basket — a hanging one (4)
24 Yells arise — they're terrible but there's no lass in view — how they ring out? (6)
25 American bed-bug at home among children not in good health? (6)
26 Recording label for black musicians from Malta? (5)
29 The sort of criminal 11's run down? (4)

Solution to No 1379

Prizewinners to No 1379

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332 cc 379 6233. 'Knight of The Burning Pestle' by Beaumont 'inventive, humane and riotously funny' Times 'Nicholas Nickleby' All perfs sold out. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'The Accrington Pals' by Peter Whelan, 'Naked Robots' by Jonathan Gems and 'Outskirts' by Hanif Kureishi. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252 Olivier (open stage) Theatre closed for maintenance. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Elephant Man'. 'The Provoked Wife'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Don Juan'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 'S'. The Old Vic Youth Theatre presents 'Carve Your Name' 7-9 May, and 'The Beggar's Opera' 14-16 May.

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Cinema

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Exhibitions

'DON'T SELL YOUR ASS TO THE RULING CLASS' by G. R. Levin. Exhibition 23 April-17 May, Tues.-Fri. 2-6, Sats. 11-2. Limited (500) Edition Colour Poster £3.50 post free. Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell St, London EC1. 01-837 9826.

Meetings

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. Dr Emerich Weissmann Vice-President of the Society Medical Psychotherapist, will speak on 'Why Individual Psychology?' followed by discussion. Tues. 5 May 7.30 p.m. Refreshments from 7.15. Community Rooms, 36 Millman St, London WC1. Visitors welcome. 50p (students 25p).

A NEW DEAL FOR ANIMALS. One day symposium from 9.30 a.m. Six lectures + questions. Commonwealth Institute Theatre, Kensington High Street, London W8. Saturday 2 May. Tickets £1.50p. The Vegetarian Society, 53 Marloes Rd, W8. Tel: 937 1714.

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DR. IAN KENNEDY, 1980 Reith Lecturer and Rt Hon. Stanley Orme MP guests at the annual dinner of the Socialist Medical Association, Sat. 16 May, Vitello D'Oro Restaurant, SW1. Tickets £5.25 from Socialist Medical Association, 9 Poland Street, W1V 3DG. Tel: 01-439 3395/01-346 5867.

'FIGHT WORLD POVERTY'. MASS LOBBY ON BRANDT. TUES. 5 MAY 3-9 p.m. House of Commons. Speakers incl. Michael Foot, Douglas Hurd, Russell Johnston, Frank McElhone, Neil Martin & Shirley Williams. Further details: Fight World Poverty, c/o WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2. 01-836 3672. The Lobby is organised by Major Aid Agencies.

'HAS THE WELFARE STATE a Future'. Nick Bosanquet, City University. 7.30 p.m. Wednesday 6 May, Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. Organised by Central London Fabian Society. All welcome.

SOCIALIST MEDICAL ASSOCIATION open meeting. 'The Threat to London's Old People through current Health/Social Service Planning'. 12 May 7 p.m., House of Commons. Speaker Tom Snow. Ask for room booked by Reg Race.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 3 May 8 p.m. 'The Reality of Brotherhood'. Wed. 6 May 7.30 p.m. White Lotus Day. H. P. Blavatsky Commemoration. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Freud Memorial Lectures in Psychoanalysis by Professor Karl H. Pribram, at 5.30 in the Gustave Tuck Theatre. Tues. 5 May – 'The Concept of Energy in Psychology – Late 19th and Late 20th Century Views'. Thurs. 7 May – 'The Organisation of Selfhood: Memory – Motive and Ego Processing'. Mon. 11 May – 'The Conscious – Unconscious Distinction Reconsidered'. Wed. 13 May – 'A Century of Observations on the Brain Mechanisms of Thought and Language'.

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